

The TATLER

Vol. CLVII. No. 2037

London
July 10, 1940



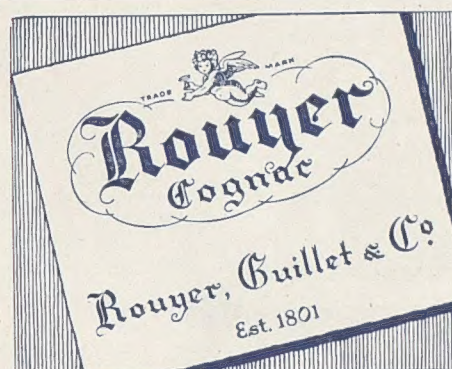
REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER FOR
TRANSMISSION IN THE
UNITED KINGDOM

SANDERSON WALLPAPERS AND FABRICS

Ask your decorator to lend you the Sanderson Wallpaper Book—an inspiration!

Ask to see the latest Sanderson 'Indecolor' Fabrics at stores and furnisners everywhere.

ARTHUR SANDERSON & SONS, LTD. Showrooms: 53 Berners Street, W.1 • 6-7 Newton Terrace, Glasgow, C.3



PRE-WAR PRICE **3/-**
PER LB.

**THE DOCTOR'S
CEYLON TEA**

AND PRE-WAR QUALITY TOO!

Harden Bros. & Lindsay, Ltd., 30 Mincing Lane, London, E.C.3

CVS-257

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Old boys and girls in great numbers are serving the Empire in the present struggle. Please send a gift to help train 1,100 poor children to be useful citizens

FINANCIAL HELP AND LEGACIES
URGENTLY NEEDED

FOUNDED 1843

164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2
PRESIDENT H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT K.G

By Appointment to the late King George V.

**Charles
Heidsieck**

Champagne • Reims

1928 VINTAGE

FINEST QUALITY EXTRA DRY

Happier Children . . .

Children saved from unhappiness by the N.S.P.C.C. number over 5,000,000 since this National Voluntary Society was founded in 1884.

PLEASE HELP THIS GREAT WORK FOR THE NATION'S CHILDREN which exerts a vast influence in overcoming conditions threatening the physical, moral and mental welfare of the young.

Gifts will be welcomed by Wm. J. Elliott, O.B.E., Director, National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2

N-S-P-C-C

ROSS'S

Ginger Beer

Brewed and matured

in the old-fashioned way; another happy blend of nature's bounty and man's art.

EVERY SHIP IN THE ROYAL NAVY is portrayed and described in "BRITISH WARSHIPS"

Published by "The Illustrated London News"

● This panorama publication (size 19 × 12½ in.) contains 150 superb photographs with explanatory diagrams and descriptions of every vessel in the Navies of the British Commonwealth. Can be ordered from principal booksellers or from "The Illustrated London News," 32 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

Price **3/6** By post, Inland 4/3
Foreign and Eire 4/6



Exclusive

A REVOLUTION —a REVELATION

More and more women are appreciating the "go-as-you-please" freedom of ZOTOS—they're thankful to say "good-bye" to the wires, machinery and electrical paraphernalia which characterised the permanent wave of yesterday. But they're still more thankful for the lasting loveliness of a ZOTOS Permanent Wave. ZOTOS Agents everywhere are ready to initiate you into the mysteries of the wonder-working ZOTOS Vapet—that featherweight pad with the two tiny "Guardian Eyes" which signal your operator at the precise moment when complete perfection has been achieved.

FOR YOUR NEAREST
BOND STREET TRAINED
ZOTOS AGENT SEE BELOW

J. E. Blakemore Ltd., BURY, Lancs; Schofields (Leeds) Ltd., LEEDS; Gri fin & Spalding, NOTTINGHAM; Maison Prost Ltd., DUBLIN; Jayne Coleman TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Kent; Craddocks, ST. ALBANS; James Duncan EDINBURGH; Maison Eugene, SHEFFIELD; A. P. Fasnacht, BRADFORD; Grace & Hardy, HARROGATE; Gales, BOURNEMOUTH; Hammonds Ltd., HULL; E. Jean, CARDIFF; Joseph, GUILDFORD; Joseph, SUTTON, Surrey; Joseph, HORSHAM, Sussex; E. B. Jansen, BEXHILL-ON-SEA; J. Pride & Sons, LIVERPOOL; W. C. L. Parsons, DORCHESTER; A. D. St. Clair, READING; "Trumps," WEYMOUTH; Maison Trumps, SALISBURY; Woodward, SWANSEA; Plummer Rodis Ltd., SOUTHAMPTON; Sutcliffe's, HALIFAX; Kendal Milne & Co., MANCHESTER, 3; The Midland Drapery Co. Ltd., DERBY; Dorothea Ltd., WORTHING; Marshall & Snelgrove Ltd., SOUTHPORT; Spooner & Co. Ltd., PLYMOUTH; Handley's Ltd., SOUTHSEA; Kohlers, BRIGHTON; Elliston & Cavell, OXFORD; Harrods Ltd., LONDON; Alderstone Ltd., BRIDLINGTON; Bentalls Ltd., KINGSTON-ON-THAMES; Binns Ltd., SUNDERLAND; Albert Kershaw, PRESTON, Lancs; Lewis's Ltd., BIRMINGHAM; J. Johnson & Co. Ltd., LEICESTER; J. Beattie Ltd., WOLVERHAMPTON; Alfred E. Ladd, STRATFORD-ON-AVON; Lewis's (Staffs) Ltd., STOKE-ON-TRENT; Large Bros. Ltd., BOLTON; "Molly's," SIDMOUTH; Mesdames Spencer & Cook, SKEGNESS, Lincs

ZOTOS
MACHINELESS PERMANENT

LONDON HEADQUARTERS
TRUEFITT & HILL LTD.
23 OLD BOND ST., LONDON, W.1
Appointments Bureau: Tel. Regent 2961 (5 lines)

WHY DOES ANXIETY HIT SOME PEOPLE SO MUCH HARDER THAN OTHERS?



*The way you weather the war
depends on how you sleep.*



This is how scientists explain it

1st SLEEP GROUP

The people in this Group stand war strain best. Their sleep restores body, nerves and brain completely. Even with only 5 or 6 hours in bed they are never handicapped by "nerves" or tiredness. This is the thoroughly refreshing 1st Group Sleep that everyone should have and that Horlicks bestows.

2nd SLEEP GROUP

2nd Group people seem to sleep well enough yet can't stand up to war worry and anxiety. They tire easily, feel "nervy," can't keep their mind on things. That's because excess acid waste products in the blood activate their brain and nerves at night. Hospital tests prove Horlicks corrects this.

3rd SLEEP GROUP

The people in this Group are least able to stand war strain. They sleep badly—can't get to sleep, lie awake or wake tired. Hospital tests prove that Horlicks overcomes this condition, ensures 1st Group Sleep.

IT'S ODD how people who, in peace-time, "hadn't a nerve in their bodies" show signs of cracking up under the strain of worry—whereas others, perhaps outwardly far less robust, carry on cheerfully in spite of everything.

Scientists deny that it's just a matter of courage. Ability to stand strain, they say, depends largely on the way people sleep.

There are 3 Sleep Groups. The people in the 1st Group stand war-strain best. That's because every night they get the kind of sleep that really rests brain and nerves.

The people in Groups 2 and 3 are those on whom the strain tells. They are nervy and anxious, depressed and tired. Their trouble is that, unlike sleepers belonging to Group 1, their brain and nerves are kept awake by the body's excess acid waste products, which accumulate in the blood.

But scientists have discovered that these acid waste products can be neutralized—by taking Horlicks. A cupful of hot Horlicks every night gives you the 1st Group Sleep you need.

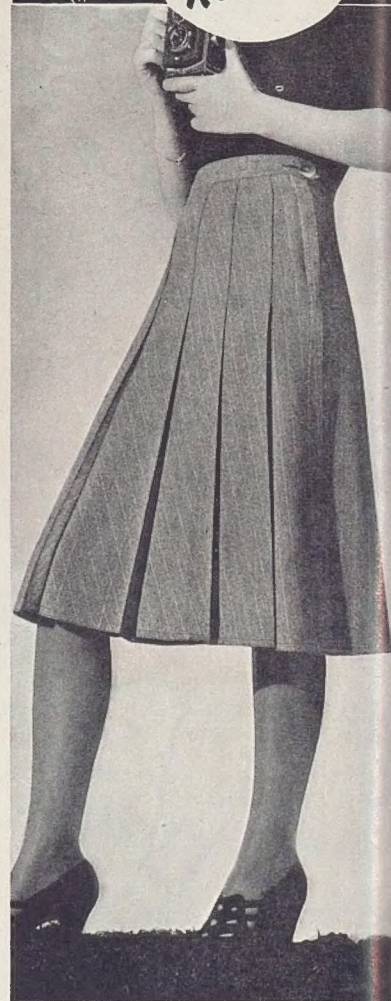
Start taking Horlicks now. You'll find it makes a wonderful difference to the way you feel. By taking it regularly, you not only build up your health now—you build up reserves of energy and cheerfulness that will carry you through every crisis!

Prices from 2/- at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICKS at bedtime gives you **1st Group Sleep**

*The New
Economy*

*The
Amazing
"KONERAY"*



The first and only ready-made skirt with graduated knife-edge pleats ALL ROUND that taper off into a snug-fitting hip line—pleats that do not gape but remain in as long as the skirt is worn. A skirt for formal wear and for everyday wear... ideal with a contrasting jacket... that looks equally well with blouse or jumper. Wartime economy suggests "Koneray" for your wardrobe. Available in Worsteds, Tweeds, Checks, Authentic Tartans, Pure Irish Linen, All Wool Flannels and Cream All Wool Serge at all good Drapers and Stores. Prices from 30'.

Manufacturers: C. STILLITZ
14-16a Shore Rd., London, E.9

"KONERAY"
PATENT PENDING
Pleated Skirt

**G
O
R
R
A
Y**

THE TATLER

Vol. CLVII. No. 2037

LONDON · JULY 10 · 1940

Price: One Shilling

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1½d. Foreign 2d.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR HENRY ROYDS POWNALL, C.B., D.S.O.,
INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF THE L.D.V.

From the portrait by Captain Edward Seago, reproduced by arrangement with the artist

No better appointment could have been made than that of the distinguished gunner officer to superintend the fine force which is such an invaluable outpost line to the regular army now based in these islands. Before taking up his present appointment Sir Henry Royds Pownall was Director of Military Operations and Intelligence at the War Office. The artist, Captain Edward Seago, whose work is so well known to, amongst many others, the readers of this paper, is now serving in the Royal Engineers



THE WAY OF THE WAR

By "FORE-SIGHT"

Hitler's Time-Table

ACCORDING to the confident assertions of German spokesmen in Berlin and other European capitals, Hitler ought to arrive in London next Monday. He has acquired, of late, a reputation for punctuality. Indeed, his troops entered Paris a day ahead of schedule. It would be just too bad if the time-table went wrong in respect of the principal enemy, Great Britain and the British Empire. Of course, it is possible that before these notes appear, the German forces, landed in Diesel-

seashore to stake out a prior claim on Britain's beaches for sunning and swimming.

German Air Raids—Plans and Pilots

As if to compensate for the disappointment occasioned by non-arrival of the expected invaders, Lord Haw-Haw announced that a thousand German planes would attack Britain on Wednesday. While the R.A.F. has been blowing hell out of western and north-western German industrial centres, the German *Luftwaffe* has been having a bit of practice over England. British experts have had difficulty in analysing these initial night bombing attacks on our territories. The reports suggest that on each occasion Germany has detailed between one hundred and one hundred and

Either the Germans were short of pilots with sufficient experience to carry out accurate night bombing on a large scale, or they were hoping to give practice to pilots destined to become the squadron leaders of the larger attacks which were to follow after. It was also significant that the captured pilots of aircraft brought down in air combat over Britain proved to be men of ages varying between thirty and forty-five—most of them recruits, recently called to the colours from the German pre-war civil air lines, with an established reputation for their ability to fly on a set course by day and night under all kinds of conditions.

This was an interesting discovery, for during the later stages of the Battle for France, many of the captured German pilots were young boys with no more than fifteen to twenty hours' flying experience. It was, however, particularly irritating to learn during these days that the Petain Government, apparently prepared to obey every behest of its new Nazi taskmasters, had agreed to release and hand over no less than four hundred of Germany's best pilots who had been taken prisoner in earlier phases of the war. That was obviously a valuable addition to the enemy's ability to strike a heavy blow at the British Isles.

Against these inconclusive evidences of Germany's power to launch a crushing air attack against this country may be set confidential reports received from Germany which show that the R.A.F. has inflicted most severe damage on German war industries, petrol dumps and refineries, ammunition stores, chemical works and lines of communication; that the German population in the areas which have suffered the brunt of these attacks is in a low state of morale. Neutral observers are reporting that Hamburg has been reduced to a mass of twisted ironwork and wreckage; that

(Continued on page 40)



THE HOME-COMING OF THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO ROME

A group taken on board the S.S. *Monarch of Bermuda*, when she berthed at Glasgow, bringing home Sir Percy Loraine, who is on the right of the picture, and the rest of the Embassy staff. The others in the group are: Sir Noel Charles, who has been Counsellor in Rome since 1937, Rear-Admiral Richard Bevan, who has been Naval Attaché to H.M. Missions in Italy, Greece and elsewhere, and Lady Charles

driven flat-bottomed barges, Norwegian fishing vessels, rubber boats, air troop-carriers and all the rest of the paraphernalia specially prepared for the invasion of Britain, will have already established themselves on the hills and in the valleys, in the towns and villages, in the power stations and on the railways of these islands.

Obviously that will be essential if Hitler is to keep to the time-table announced by his lieutenants. They declared that the conquest of Britain could be accomplished in a fortnight, and the British War Office was said to be confident that the onslaught would be launched on July 2. Then somebody blundered. That fatal Tuesday passed off quietly; a pleasant summer day with blazing sun and a light breeze, inducing those residents who are still permitted to remain within reach of the

fifty machines to fly over the British Isles on individual missions. But it would appear that of this number only a few—probably the more experienced pilots—were allotted definite targets for their attacks. The remainder appear to have flown somewhat aimlessly over the country, and when they have dropped bombs, to have done so in haphazard manner.

During that period only one of two conclusions appeared possible.



EX-KING ZOG AND QUEEN GERALDINE OF ALBANIA IN LONDON

The much persecuted ex-King of Albania and his Queen, the former Countess Geraldine Apponyi, who were married in Tirana, in April, 1938, have arrived in England with their little son Alexander, who with his mother underwent great hardships when Albania was overrun by the Italians in 1939, the year in which the little prince was born



CAPTAIN ANTHONY HEAD, M.C., AND LADY DOROTHEA HEAD

Captain Head was invested with the M.C. for gallantry at Boulogne when Brigade Major of the 20th Guards Brigade and the Guards and other gallant units were heavily engaged by vastly superior enemy forces. Lady Dorothea Head is the second daughter of Lord and Lady Shaftesbury



BRIGADIER DENIS FURLONG, D.S.O., AND MRS. FURLONG AND (LEFT) MRS. CHARRINGTON

Brigadier Furlong got his D.S.O. for distinguished bravery when commanding the 6th Infantry Brigade in the retreat in Belgium. Mrs. Furlong has been driving an ambulance in France and the hazardous re-embarkation operations under close engagement by the enemy



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SIR ALEXANDER STANIER, D.S.O., LADY STANIER AND THEIR DAUGHTER

Sir Alexander Stanier, Welsh Guards, was decorated for holding up the enemy at Boulogne by personal bravery in command of his battalion. In happier times both Sir Alexander and Lady Stanier are very well known in the hunting world

THOSE WHOM THE KING DELIGHTED TO HONOUR



PAYMASTER-LIEUTENANT G. H. STANNING, D.S.O., AND HIS FAMILY LEAVING THE PALACE

The D.S.O. which was awarded to this officer has rarely been more gallantly earned. He fought his ship, H.M.S. *Hardy*, after the late Captain Warburton-Lee, V.C. (posthumous), had been mortally wounded. This V.C. was presented privately to his widow by the King



LIEUTENANT E. P. G. MILLER-MUNDY, M.C., AND HIS MOTHER

Lieutenant Miller-Mundy, 12th Lancers, got his decoration for his gallantry in covering the withdrawal of the 2nd Division in the retreat in Belgium. He engaged the enemy at very close range



COMMANDER H. F. H. LAYMAN WITH HIS WIFE AND MOTHER

Commander Layman was in H.M.S. *Hotspur* in the first battle of Narvik in which our ships took on a very much superior German force and gave it a very severe handling. He has been awarded the D.S.O. for daring, resource and devotion to duty

The Way of the War

(Continued from page 38)

similar conditions have been brought about in many other key areas.

The French Fleet

It was easy to understand the deep emotion which reduced the Prime Minister to tears on the Front Bench of the House of Commons last Thursday when members of all parties acclaimed his statement of the circumstances in which a British battle squadron had been forced to engage units of the French Navy off Oran. Mr. Churchill for many years has been one of Britain's most vigorous advocates for close friendship and collaboration with France. When he drew a sharp distinction between the French people and the Petain Government he was not employing a political gambit, but was giving expression to his own deep conviction that the bulk of the French people, when they have had time to readjust their political outlook, will feel deeply that their future destiny has been entrusted to Britain even though temporarily it has been betrayed by false leaders.

It is not usual for the House of Commons to rise to its feet spontaneously to cheer. The scenes of enthusiasm which impelled members to do so last week sprang not from animosity towards France but from admiration for a national leader who had given this supreme evidence of Britain's determination to wage the war against all odds and all comers. No observer of that scene could fail to note that the fighting spirit of Britain is at its highest on the Labour benches. By the House's approbation of Mr. Churchill's statement, approval was also given by implication to the Prime Minister's determination to resist all efforts to eliminate certain old Tories from his Government. In effect, Mr. Churchill had asked for a vote of confidence in the entire Government and received it by acclamation.

For the moment it is impossible to predict what will be the immediate effect on Anglo-French relations of last week's naval encounter. It has in any case been clear that the Petain-Laval Government, aided and abetted by Dr. Goebbels, would do its utmost to foster anti-British feeling in France. The naval engagement can have done no more than accelerate a development, probably temporary in character, which was bound to result.

Hitler's Next Move?

While waiting for the German attack to be launched it was natural that Britain should seek to estimate whether Hitler would attempt the subjugation of this country forthwith, or would turn rather to consolidating his European position. It was noted that while he had acquired vast territories and new mineral and manufacturing resources in his captures, together with certain food stocks in the course of his Western European conquests, he had so far acquired no new sources of oil supply. Could he afford to risk an attack on the British Isles, which might prove more difficult than some of his lieutenants calculated, without first ensuring his ability to draw on the liquid fuel supplies of the Balkans and Middle East?

As matters stood eighty million Germans had assumed responsibility for holding down one hundred and twelve million foreign peoples, hardly any of whom felt any real sympathy for the new regime which had been imposed upon them. News from occupied German territories is hard to come by, but the meagre reports reaching London suggest

that all does not go smoothly under the brutal oppression of the German occupation forces.

If Famine Comes

Already it is known that conditions of extreme stringency, approaching to starvation exist in Belgium; that epidemic disease has broken out there as the result of the destruction done to water supplies and sanitary systems. A distinguished Belgian lecturer, M. van Kuyk, left London for the United States last week to launch an appeal for relief of distress in his country. One does not know how the soft heart of the American people will be touched by this appeal, but it should at least be borne in mind that the supplementary imports of food and medicaments which the United States may wish to dispatch for the benefit of the Belgian people will, in fact, benefit only the German Army and strengthen its ability to prolong the war, and with it Europe's days of suffering.

London, Syria, Africa

In London the French National Committee, hastily set up by General Charles de Gaulle in the hope of creating a focal point for French resistance throughout the world, has been handicapped by the fact that it does not include any French politicians whose names are well known to the people of France. This was not altogether surprising, for those very politicians who would have come to England had they been able, or set up a committee for resistance in North Africa, were neatly incapacitated by the Bordeaux Government. Shangaied on a liner anchored off a French naval base on the West African coast, they were unable to communicate with the outside world or to be consulted.

In Syria, where General Mittelhauser declared that so far as his forces were concerned hostilities were at an end, the position was somewhat different. Syria is mandated territory. In other words France had solemnly assumed an international obligation to preserve

and safeguard against attack the peoples of all this large Middle Eastern territory. It was in recognition of this fact that the British Government declared that they could not allow Syria or the Lebanon to be occupied by any hostile power or to be used as a base for attack upon those countries in the Middle East which they are pledged to defend; or indeed, to permit internal disorder to develop to a degree which would constitute a danger to the neighbouring countries. The neighbours are Turkey, Iraq and Palestine. We may assume that Turkey and Iraq would collaborate with the British forces in preventing the development of any of those situations which the British Government had in mind.

With the possibility of the world struggle developing in Africa, the position of the Belgian Congo and Portuguese Angola becomes of special interest. Except for a narrow corridor to the southern Atlantic at the mouth of the Congo River, Belgium's great Central African colony is surrounded by the territories of Britain, France and Portugal. Following the French collapse the Belgian Government of M. Pierlot, which had declared the determination of Belgians to continue the struggle, fled to refuge in neutral Portugal. Alone of its members, young M. Jaspar came to London, holding it was understood, the sole right to speak for the Belgian people, and to manage the national finances. It was also understood that if the British Government asked M. Jaspar to allow them to take over control of the Congo for the duration of the war and for six months after the restoration of peace, he would be prepared to agree.

Frenchmen Who Will Fight On

The French troops who escaped to Britain from Northern France have preferred to return to their homes, but some fifty per cent of the officers have stayed on under General de Gaulle. They are the professional soldiers and those with special artillery knowledge will be of great value in training British units to use of the famous "75's" which the United States is supplying to us. Most valuable, too, will be the corps of French air pilots—enough eventually to constitute upwards of ten air squadrons. Vice-Admiral Muselier, who sailed his warship to Gibraltar and thence took plane to London will be a first-rate naval colleague for General de Gaulle; just the man to head a marauding force of stout-hearted seamen.

Balbo and Haile Selassie

In North Africa Marshal Balbo had carried through major works of colonization for Italy. But even by his best endeavours he had not been able to draw water for the settlers from ground where water was not. All the gallant 70,000 would quickly perish from thirst but for the regular service of water carriers from Sicily, distributed thrice daily by motor lorry to the Italian population. By the strange accident which has eliminated Marshal Balbo from the Fascist hierarchy, Signor Mussolini has lost one of his few really able lieutenants; and, incidentally one of his most fearless critics, if not serious rivals.

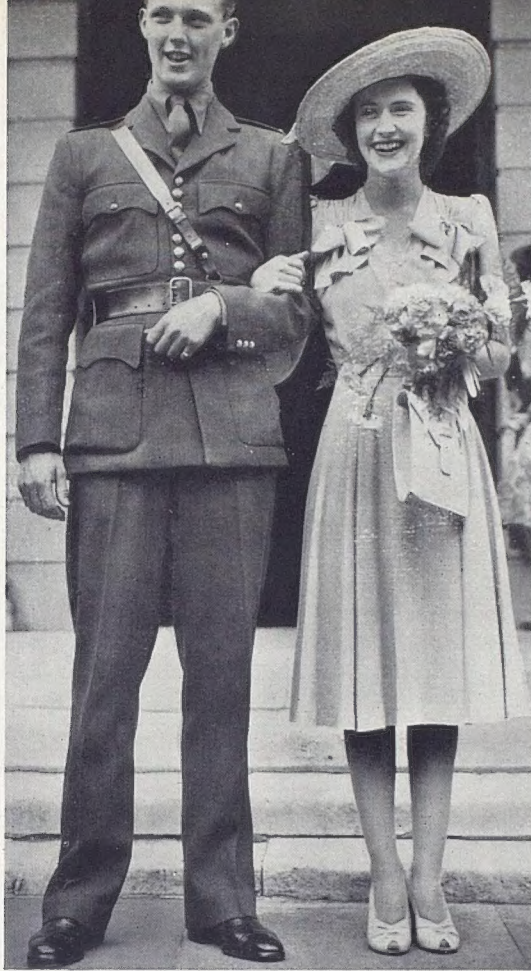
Meantime the Ethiopian Empire on which so much Italian treasure has been expended without yielding any perceptible income, is fast breaking up and ex-Emperor Haile Selassie is back in his country organizing the movement for regained freedom of the tribes from Italian yoke.

(Continued on page 72)



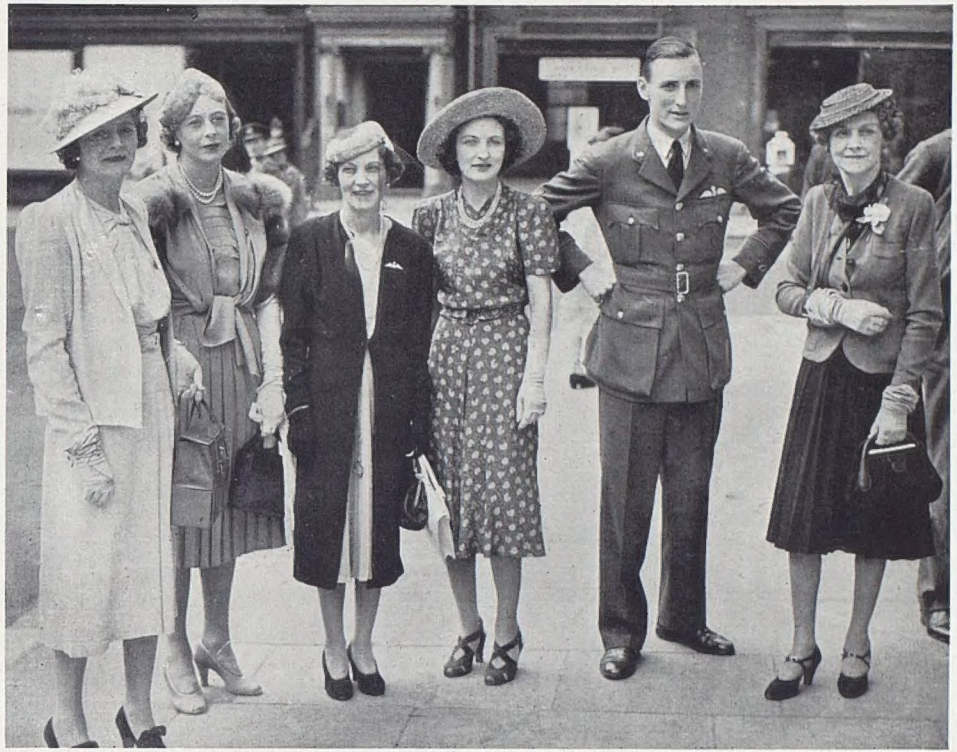
HER MAJESTY INSPECTS THE GIFTS FOR THE RED CROSS FUND

Her Majesty, who was accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Kent, visited Christies to inspect the gifts for the great Red Cross Sale which opened on Monday. The Queen is seen with Mr. T. M. McKenna of Christies, who auctioned the diamond necklace which fetched £24,800



MR. AND THE HON. MRS. THOMAS HARVEY

All smiles after they had been married at St. Peter's, Vere Street. The bride, formerly the Hon. Mary Coke, is Lord and Lady Coke's younger daughter. The bridegroom is in the Brigade of Guards and played golf for Cambridge



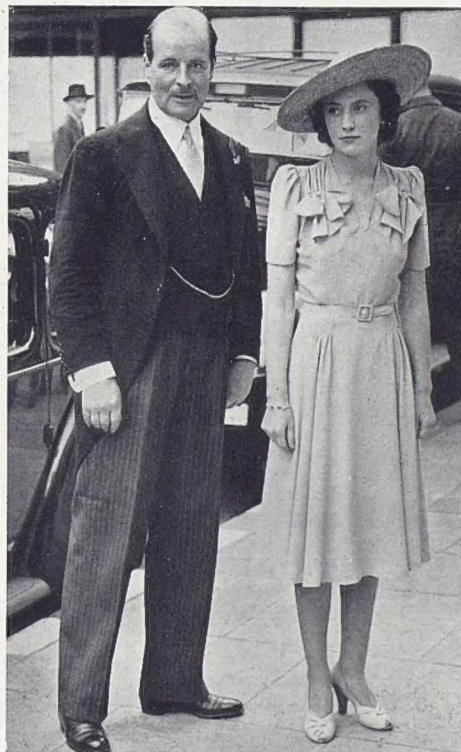
A FEW OF THE GUESTS WITH THE BRIDE'S MOTHER THE VISCOUNTESS COKE

LAST WEEK'S NOTABLE WEDDING

A picture taken after the wedding at St. Peter's. The names (l. to r.): Mrs. Edgar Brassey, Mrs. Hugh Peacock, both their husbands in happier times well known in the world of sport; Lady Coke; the Hon. Mrs. Simon Combe, sister of the bride; the Hon. David Coke, one of her brothers, and the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Crichton, a great aunt of the young Lord Erne, whose father, a godson of King George V, was recently killed in action

MISS PAMELA NEWALL AND
LADY CLAUD HAMILTON

Another snapshot in the sun at this sunny wedding. Before her marriage to the Duke of Abercorn's only brother, Lady Claud Hamilton was Mrs. Violet Ruby Newall and was married in 1933. Lord Claud Hamilton was appointed comptroller, treasurer and extra equerry to Queen Mary in 1936



VISCOUNT COKE AND THE BRIDE

Taken before the wedding and a striking contrast in expression to the very smiling picture at the top of this page. Lord Coke is the Earl of Leicester's elder son and heir and a former Scot's Guard. Lord and Lady Coke's son-in-law, Mr. Thomas Harvey, is in the same regiment

THE HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR CANADA
AND MRS. VINCENT MASSEY

Two of the many distinguished guests at the wedding of Lord and Lady Coke's younger daughter to Mr. Thomas Harvey, who is a son of the late Colonel John Harvey and of Mrs. Harvey, of Ringstead Bury, Norfolk. The Hon. Vincent Massey has been High Commissioner for Canada since 1935

MORE CONSIDERATIONS OF INVASION

By LT.-COL. C. B. COSTIN-NIAN, M.C.

GR^{EAT} events still rush past us like a news-reel galloping along out of control. The sound strip of these actions lags behind a bit—we have to pick and choose between German versions which generally reach us first, neutral and American versions, and finally our own. Anything might happen in the week before this article sees print.

We have had a slight lull in the west while the Germans digested France, and hurriedly prepared for the next round. The first three

There is the campaign in France (still hot), in the Low Countries, and more topically, that sudden seizure of the coasts of Norway. We train for wars largely upon the experiences of the last one, and if there is time and we are adaptable and quick, we add the latest lessons of the war now raging. Each new phase has its surprise packets, and its new weapons, methods, and antidotes. While each military objective governs the method to be employed, these objectives are

practically always the same, namely, the defeat of the opposing forces, and the collapse of the civil population. This or that capital city or town may fall, but as long as the defending army is capable of resistance, and the people have endurance and discipline, the issue remains in the balance, and the final decision is not yet reached.

No war has been richer in new methods, daring strategy, and bold new tactics than this one, but the inspiration has nearly always been on the other side—the side that was so well prepared, that had had the big battalions, and with them the initiative. Although we now hold “interior lines,” the Germans can still choose their time and place of attack, and the method.

As to methods, we cannot

know whether those used on the Continent will be repeated here, with modifications to suit our different conditions.

So far German tactical successes have rested largely upon their formidable masses of tanks. To continue these successes here, they must be able to overcome the extraordinary difficulties of depositing large numbers on our shores. It is hard to see how this can be done by *normal* means in face of the opposition we shall offer on the sea, from the air and on arrival. What *abnormal* means, therefore, can they have considered? We mentioned last week the special motor boats designed to carry tanks, and we have heard mention of special submarines for this purpose. We know amphibious tanks exist, as indeed we have had our own experimental models for years. As far as our experience goes, however, they require very smooth water, are extremely slow, and can only make short journeys such as a river crossing.

Then we hear that the Russians have been “flying” tanks and landing them in Bukovina. A light tank only weighs six or seven tons, a medium tank weighs fifteen tons, and planes can certainly carry this load, provided they are especially designed for this purpose. If the plane must land before disgorging its tank, this feat does not seem outstanding. But the report that they can drop these tanks without landing the plane involves a good deal of technical skill. Apparently the plane descends to within a few feet of the ground and then the tank is released and falls on special springs which can be removed on landing.

While the Germans will badly want a port or two in order to speed up the landing of their heavy stuff, they are by no means indispensable—at first, anyway. An ingenious enemy (and who can show more resource than the Germans?) can improvise jetties and temporary landing places. The laying of demi-pre-constructed jetties, which the Germans are said to have, is not a far step from the heavy portable bridges they carried and quickly laid across the broad rivers of France.

We are prepared for the parachute troops to be dropped any night, and for troop-carrying planes to try to land at dusk. If the paratroops cannot secure an aerodrome for these carriers, we know any broad road or any flat ground might be tried. It requires eight hundred yards “run” to land in safety, but, at considerable risk, five hundred yards might do. We remember how convoy after convoy arrived at Rotterdam and that at the Hague these carriers actually landed on the beaches of our own North Sea. Eight hundred of these carriers are supposed to be in German possession, and this number in one flight could carry sixteen thousand men—say one division, with some carriers left over for food, ammunition and petrol. They are all Junker machines, except the Focke Wulf Condor, and carry twenty to thirty men each, according to the model used (the four-engined JU 90, however, can load fifty soldiers, fully equipped).

But they face grave dangers. They will meet the entire Metropolitan strength of the R.A.F., a force which has never yet shown, even at Dunkirk, its full strength. To this is now added the Advanced Air Striking Force (evacuated from France), the Fleet Air Arm and the recent increases from our factories and from across the ocean.



DECORATED FOR DUNKIRK

Mrs. Worth with Commander Renfrew Gotto, R.N., who got a D.S.O. for gallantry in the evacuation operations, and Mrs. Gotto leaving Buckingham Palace after last week's investiture by the King

rounds went against us, but we were well on our feet each time when the gong went. With amazing agility, we quickly stepped outside the ring, thanks to our command of the sea. This manoeuvre of evacuation almost became a drill with us. For this, the fourth round, the enemy comes after us, bent on the rapid decision he must have—or the fight is drawn.

Feverishly we prepared our island for the combat, while the enemy marshalled his mighty resources for his culminating effort. We swallowed vast doses of uplift, and torrents of advice—when what we wanted was *orders*, awaiting the supreme trial with steadfast determination. We were almost disappointed when we heard many prophets, including the cook, bravely predicting that the Balkans and North Africa were on the German programme before us. Many itched for the fight, illogically, for time still ticks in our favour. They need not worry. The Axis Powers may well be capable of attempting to take on all three targets at once, so great is their urge to finish the war by the autumn.

This time at all events, the lessons of the war, the lessons the Germans have taught us, must surely be understood and well applied. If the French General Staff failed to learn correctly the lessons from Poland, we have still more material for study at our disposal.



CAPTAIN MICHAEL DENNY, C.B., R.N., AND MRS. DENNY

Another Dunkirk award for one of the most brilliant feats in the history of war. Captain Denny's C.B. is also in recognition of his good services as Senior Naval Officer at Aandalsnes during the landing and withdrawal of the Allied troops



THE HIGH COMMISSIONER'S WIFE AND SOME OF THE TROOPS
Mrs. Stanley Bruce and some of the lads inside the Strand Theatre, which has been converted into a rest and reception spot for the Australian Army

AUSTRALIA IN LONDON: "G.H.Q." STRAND THEATRE



IN THE RECEPTION OFFICE
Sir Charles McCann, who has been Agent-General and Trade Commissioner for South Australia since 1934, Lady McCann, Mrs. L. King, and Miss Rose Alba, the well-known singer, fixing up a new arrival with an accommodation ticket



"LEF", RIGHT, LEFT" ON PAY DAY
One of the units of the Australian Force finds what is inside the Strand Theatre more attractive than what is on the theatre bill



SOME MORE FAMOUS HELPERS
Miss Muriel Brunskill, the famous operatic contralto of Covent Garden fame, with Mrs. Irvine Douglas, have a busy time in the enquiry office, one of the busiest spots in the theatre



(LEFT) MR. HARRY SUNDERLAND, MR. ROY MELLISH AND FRIENDS
Mr. Harry Sunderland is the manager of all the Australian Rugby teams and, with Mr. Mellish, a director of the Australian H.Q.

(RIGHT) IN THE CANTEEN
Mr. L. H. Pike, the Agent-General for Queensland, and Mrs. Pike and some more of the troops in the most popular place in the H.Q. The New Zealanders, incidentally, are accommodated in much the same way at the Adelphi in the Strand



DECLINE AND FALL OF FRANCE

By MADAME TABOUIS

IT would be a mistake to think that the French leaders at Bordeaux were complete masters of the situation during the latter days, or that a single word on their part could have saved the whole situation. In reality, what has occurred is, in part, the result of twenty years of too much ease and happy-go-lucky living in France. After the defeat of 1870, Gambetta, the famous French statesman, used to repeat in the lobbies of the French Parliament: "Nothing is more dangerous to a nation than victory. Very few people know how to taste a victory without being swallowed up by it. Defeat is the supreme stimulus for a nation of spirit." If Gambetta were still alive he would prove once more, at the expense of his own country, the truth of this statement.

In France, since 1935, democratic institutions were rotten to the core, and the liberty of the Press was practically non-existent. It was the Ministry in power in France in 1935 which reduced the French Press to the lowest ebb of corruption. The papers were incited to conduct campaigns upholding a policy quite contrary to French traditions, as, for instance, to undermine the pact of the League of Nations and Franco-British policy, in order to try and promote friendly relations with dictatorships.

THE French people, despite its well-earned reputation for being one of the most intelligent in the world, was unable to stand up for years on end against perfidious Press campaigns which always presented the interests of France as synchronising with the easy policy of "the least effort," as it was called in Geneva, or "the policy of the dead dog," as M. Tardieu called it.

To-day, the overwhelming capitulation of France is mainly due to a different state of affairs: first, to the inability of certain military leaders to acknowledge that there was any other military technique than that which had inspired Wilhelm II. in 1914. The General Staff said that the idea of a *Blitzkrieg* belonged more to the brain of H. G. Wells than to that of Hitler, and, therefore, shrank from the construction of machines capable of opposing those of the Germans.

My article written in *L'Œuvre* of Feb. 12, 1939, foretelling that the Führer would attack with parachutists carrying small motor-cycles, had a cruel reception from responsible French personalities, as well as from my colleagues of the Right. "Tabouis suffers from nightmares. She must be shut up," they wrote. Even after the Polish war, our military leaders considered impossible any definite results in France from that special technique which Göring and Göbbels had openly planned to use in Holland, Belgium, France and England. It appears now, from the slight perspective we have gained which allows us to judge recent events, that it is mainly "fear of Communism" which has precipitated the defeat of France, while, in reality, Communism in France is practically non-existent in so far as political or social danger is concerned.



MARY BORDEN AND HER NURSES SAFELY HOME

The Hadfield-Spears Ambulance Unit, after a long and difficult retreat before the Germans, and five days on board a British warship, arrived safely in this country on June 28, to everyone's great relief. Miss Mary Borden was in command of the Unit; the well-known novelist and wife of Brigadier-General Louis Spears, is seen sitting with some of her nurses discussing their adventures



VICE-ADMIRAL MUSELIER

The officer who, after a sensational escape from France when the Pétain Government capitulated, came to England and has now been appointed by General de Gaulle commander of the Free French Air and Naval Forces in England. In the course of his lucky escape the Admiral used an abandoned car, a lorry, a horse-drawn vehicle and a fire-engine. Then he manned a warship, got to Gibraltar, and flew to this country in an R.A.F. plane

THE study of all the mistakes made in foreign, internal, social and military politics by French leaders during recent years, all in the name of a fear of Communism, would indeed make a magnificent subject for a book. When, in 1935, the French Air Minister went to Moscow, he returned with the idea of creating in France a corps of parachutists. This idea was discouraged under the pretext that it was a Bolshevik means of modern warfare. We must remember that the slogan of "the struggle against Communism" has been the mainstay of the Fifth Column in France. Many Frenchmen realised the deep divisions that this caused in certain sections of the population, and little by little rifts deeper even than the ideal of *la Patrie* took root amongst us, to the secret satisfaction of Göbbels and Himmler.

Gradually, political passions were magnified to the point where national interest became overshadowed in men's eyes without their realising it themselves, and it was in that

state of mind that France lived during the past three years. To-day, it is believed that the apparent inactivity of the French leaders during the first eight months of the war is also partly responsible for the events of June. That may be so, for a policy of stern firmness would have been needed to remedy all the material and moral difficulties which we have mentioned.

WHEN General Weygand was offered the supreme command he hesitated greatly. "It may be too late already," he said to his intimates, "but is it not my duty as a Christian and a Frenchman to try even the impossible?" and he accepted in full knowledge of the facts. If there had been sufficient supplies and if the Army had been trained to stand up to the *Blitzkrieg*, the situation might have been saved without great disaster. It might have been saved, perhaps, in spite of the dangerous effect of setting up the French Government in North Africa, had not certain French leaders at that moment harked back to their "fear of Communism," and preferred to maintain in France the existing social order by establishing an Axis peace. Let it be said, however, that the material and moral position of the Army was very difficult to understand!

The logical Frenchman is now quite prepared to see in a free France an internal policy of repression against the Left, yet he does not despair of seeing true French patriotism rise again against Nazi tyranny.

It would be a fallacy to believe that France has lost all her virtues, for it is only in some circles that the love of the country has been subordinated to political struggles.

England will not submit. America is there, the tide will turn . . . and maybe sooner than we think.

DESTROYER DIFFICULTIES — No. 6



LETTING GO THE ANCHOR — BY WING-COMMANDER E. G. OAKLEY-BEUTTLER

The scene the foredeck of one of the big destroyers, probably a flotilla-leader, and what has happened (apparently) is that the ship had a bit too much way on her, and consequently, when the anchor grips the ground, the speed causes the cables to take charge, and at the exciting moment depicted the port windlass has been ripped out and the cables are rushing through the hawsepipes. The state of agitation and the flowery nautical language are easily understandable!

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

WHAT was the name of the first Mrs. Tanqueray? Only people endowed with the cross-word kind of brain, the only kind which can ever answer such questions, will be able to reply straight away when asked for the name of the second Mrs. de Winter in *Rebecca*. Having read the book, seen the play, and viewed the film now showing at the Gaumont, I still cannot remember what the little thing is called. Before I go any further, let me say that Miss Joan Fontaine gives a truly exquisite performance of the child-wife, and I hereby announce the arrival of a young woman who can act of her own accord and volition, and is thus something different from the normal, made-up doll who weeps because her director has pulled

The Film of "Rebecca"

floor of the boat-house. She is dead, therefore, when Max picks her up, transfers her body to the yacht, scuttles it, rows ashore in the dinghy, presumably burns or destroys that same, and saunters home to await the news of his wife's death by drowning.

Does it occur to the reader that all this was quite some job for even a Max de Winter to tackle single-handed? But hold on a bit. I have before me a letter from Mr. A. J. A. Symons, the author of "The Quest for Corvo." Writing in defence of Benjamin Disraeli's novels, he has this sentence: "True that in *Henrietta Temple*

the hero, catching sight, in a park, for the first time of the heroine, leans back, overcome, against a tree, and a *slight froth* appears on his lips—but who are we to circumscribe the actions of heroes in parks in such books?" Proceeding on these highly critical lines, who am I, a mere journalist, to circumscribe the actions of film-heroes in boat-houses in books like "Rebecca"?

But I still think that the coroner took his duties a little lightly when, on hearing from the doctor that Rebecca was suffering from an incurable disease, he decided that, without saying a word to anybody, she had boarded her yacht, locked herself in her cabin, cut a lot of holes in the floor, and so did herself in! People don't do such things—as somebody in Ibsen

remarks. And if they do, and within a couple of miles of the coast of Cornwall, be sure that the local coroner is going to want a lot more satisfying than he gets in this film. I know a few Cornishmen, and you can't pull the cream over their eyes as easily as is here suggested! Another weakness is the absence of any reason for the maniacal attachment of the housekeeper, Mrs. Danvers, to Rebecca. The author of *Children in Uniform* might have explained it, but only in a film intended solely for performance by the Film Society on a wet Sunday. I think it would perhaps have been better if Miss du Maurier had gone all Mrs. Henry Wood, and made Mrs. Danvers the mother of Rebecca's lover, Jack.

It is possible that I have now given the reader the notion that this film is disappointing. It is, but *in the last ten minutes only*, and for reasons inherent in the tale which ten Alfred Hitchcocks could not have got over or round. Up till the last ten minutes, in fact, the film is one of the most brilliant I have ever seen, quite well acted, and superbly directed by Mr. Hitchcock, who has a wonderful command of suspense and fear. There are two moments of grand cinematography. The first is when the waves off the Cornish coast are made to break over the mind of the second wife sitting at Rebecca's desk. The second is when the housekeeper is suggesting to the child that she should follow Rebecca's example. The two are at the window in Rebecca's room facing the sea, and it is at this moment that the rockets go up announcing a second shipwreck. But the whole film is full of lovely detail. Such things, for example, as the glimpse of the French mayor's beard; the ubiquitous letter "R" stamped on notepaper and negligés, hair-brushes and bedspreads; the horrid proof that Rebecca slept in a nightdress of black net; the sinister behaviour of the little black dog. Yes, the directing of this film is masterly throughout. And once more I desire to call attention to an extremely good musical score, the work of the musical director, Mr. Franz Waxman. Gazing with all humility up into the clouds where reign the twin Sunday goddesses of film-criticism, I shall pray those deities to tell us a little more about the musical side of films, a subject which, to my mind, is at least as important as the *décor*, and is certainly twice as important as what the women wear. Yet I cannot remember ever having read a single word anent musical commentary in films falling from those celestial lips!

The acting, as I have said, is quite good, and in Miss Fontaine's case enchanting. Mr. Laurence Olivier plays Max in that vein of sulks and petulance which goes so admirably with *cinqcento* costume, but must make the wearer of any dinner-jacket look rather like the conductor of a jazz-band whose crooner has gone down with laryngitis. Mr. George Sanders, as Rebecca's lover Jack, is not nearly so good as Mr. Ronald Ward in the play. But then, he couldn't hope to be. Neither is Miss Judith Anderson so good as Miss Margaret Rutherford; she behaves and acts rather like a female poisoner heading for Madame Tussaud's. And finally one was tempted to ask, with all due respect, whether Mr. Aubrey Smith has not attained to that position when he may honourably ask not to be bunged, *volens volens*, into any and every Hollywood film.



MARGARET LINDSAY AND GEORGE SANDERS IN "THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES"

The film version of Nathaniel Hawthorne's famous melodrama has been thrilling Pavilion audiences since June 24 for there is hardly anything that the public likes better than a dyed-in-the-wool villain. George Sanders gives full flavour to the abominable Jaffray Pyncheon, who accuses his perfectly good brother of murdering their father; Margaret Lindsay plays the lovely heroine who is in love with the falsely accused man

one kind of face at her, and laughs because the camera-man has pulled another.

But to go back to the first Mrs. de Winter whose name was Rebecca. I really cannot make a map of where plays differ from the novels on which they are based, and the films from the plays. Judging from the film alone, the end of Miss du Maurier's story appears to be something like this. Rebecca quite rightly gets a hefty clip on the jaw from her husband Max. This, perhaps, is the place to say that I rarely see a play which would not be vastly improved if this were part of the third-act furniture. And my own private opinion of the great scene in *Vanity Fair* has always been that Rawdon Crawley's famous blow landed on the wrong chin! But to get back to our muttons. Rebecca, being a good fighting sort, comes back off the ropes for more. But, her footwork being unsound, and possibly owing to the height of her heels, she finds her feet flying from under her, and her head in contact with a marlin-spike or other nautical object lying about the



LAURENCE OLIVIER AND JOAN FONTAINE Who are playing the leading parts in David Selznick's successful film at the Gaumont, Haymarket, which is admirably directed by Alfred Hitchcock, and gives Joan Fontaine great opportunity to show her ability as a dramatic actress



A MATCH IN FULL BLAST IN INNER TEMPLE GARDENS

Mr. Justice Grantham, who is a master of this particular game, organised these matches which have been played in the sequestered precincts of Inner Temple Gardens in aid of the Lord Mayor's Red Cross Fund



LADY PATRICIA FRENCH AND LORD FRENCH, HER BROTHER

The son and daughter of Lord Ypres and the late Lady Ypres and grandchildren of the famous soldier who took the B.E.F. to France in the last war

THE ANCIENT GAME OF STOOL-BALL



THE LING PHYSICAL CULTURE ASSOCIATION TEAM GOING INTO ACTION



MR. JUSTICE GRANTHAM AND LADY MOYRA PONSONBY

A little preliminary instruction for Lord and Lady Bessborough's daughter

The stool-ball game at which these pictures were taken, is of ancient origin and is the ancestor of cricket. Teams are eleven a side and the ball is of either leather or wood and must not weigh more than two and a half ounces. Stool-ball is reputed to date back to mediæval times

(ON RIGHT) THE HON. LADY MONRO AND SOME OF THE "GALLERY" FROM ROEHAMPTON HOSPITAL



WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Human Tempest in Spain

IDEAS which are born of experience are of value inestimable, but ideas which are born of theory, out of agitation, are at all times part of the human pest. Had I been the Creator, I would have arranged a corner of the world so that all those with theoretical bees buzzing in metaphorical bonnets might congregate, leaving the rest of us in the comparative peace of wisdom by slow mental evolution. We could always adopt their theories if experience proved them successful. So

their theories and seek to convert by example, not by big guns! We might thus be mounting upward by now; not thrown down to the bottom, with all our splendid achievements smashed up and thrown after us! Just as religion can be summed up entirely in the message to do unto our neighbours that which we would be done unto us, so government is entirely the question of the greatest human peace and happiness for the infinitely greater majority. If we are peaceful and happy, we need no political conversion. The fanatic seeking converts and seeking them by the sword is more potentially evil than all the seven certified deadly sins.

Just as humanity has put the churches in their proper place at long, bloody last, so it is getting about time we told political theorists where exactly they could get off. And, according to Miss Rose Macaulay's wise and witty, shrewd and amusing new novel, "And No Man's Wit" (Collins; 8s. 6d.), the answer is a

port in Spain. In Spain, from century to century, revolution is always happening somewhere. Indeed, the revolutionaries and the counter-revolutionaries, who invariably have a revolution of their own up their sleeve, never cease in that often lovely country from destroying those quiet, everyday jobs which people trying to live and make the most of them are trying so hard to do. In which case, it would seem that Spain might well be preserved as a happy hunting-ground for all those who wish to change the whole order of ordered affairs in the twinkling of an eye. It is a thousand pities that the hundreds and hundreds of Englishmen, Americans, Germans, and Italians who not so long ago rushed to Spain uninvited, to help one side or the other, might not be forced to stay there to work out their own salvation, and so get conversion-by-battle out of their system, or die of frustration.

This witty story by Miss Macaulay is the history of one of these: a young Englishman who went to Spain to fight for the Reds and disappeared. Nobody seemed to bother very much about him personally, except to know if he were alive or dead; nobody, that is, except his mother, Dr. Kate Marlowe, who spent her entire life bothering. She bothered about helping China, saving the Czechs, saving Abyssinia, saving Russia, saving Spain, saving anti-Fascism, saving the Jews, saving the children and women and the dogs; bothering everybody, in high places and low, and sending innumerable telegrams all over the world. So no wonder, when her son Guy vanished in Spain, she set out to save him too. So did her daughter Betsey, who lived her life in one novel, only to change it when she opened another, and merely seeking yet another reality by going to a cinema. So did Ellen, who was engaged to Guy. She was a pale, beautiful, placid creature, who was quite happy as a grass-fiancée, but would marry her lover should he turn up alive, and insisted; otherwise, almost any other personable man would do. So did Hugh, Guy's brother, who was, so to speak, Left-wing without "flight." So did Ernie, the chauffeur, who had been with Guy in Spain, but thought the Mile End Road on a Saturday night his own idea of Utopia.

Well, this party of British "botheration" landed in Spain in order to find Guy, not knowing where on earth to begin to look, but, of course, bothering more so on that account. Happily, they landed on the doorstep of Count Ramon del Monte, who had been at Oxford with Guy, and although at the moment pro-Franco, was quite ready to be pro-anything if its "anti" seemed inclined to rob him of his estates. Then the fun begins. For the Del Monte family are each in a different political camp, and enjoying themselves enormously, though it makes them bad-tempered; all except Ramon, who had what he wanted to hold. So you can imagine what happens when Dr. Marlowe, being a professional "botherer" and so instinctively Red, lands in their midst, seeking her son by conciliation, and yet standing her political ground by tact.

Yes, eventually Guy is found, but it is the search for him through Spain, through revolution and counter-revolution and counter-counter-revolution, *via* an entirely new one, which makes the book such a

(Continued on page 50)

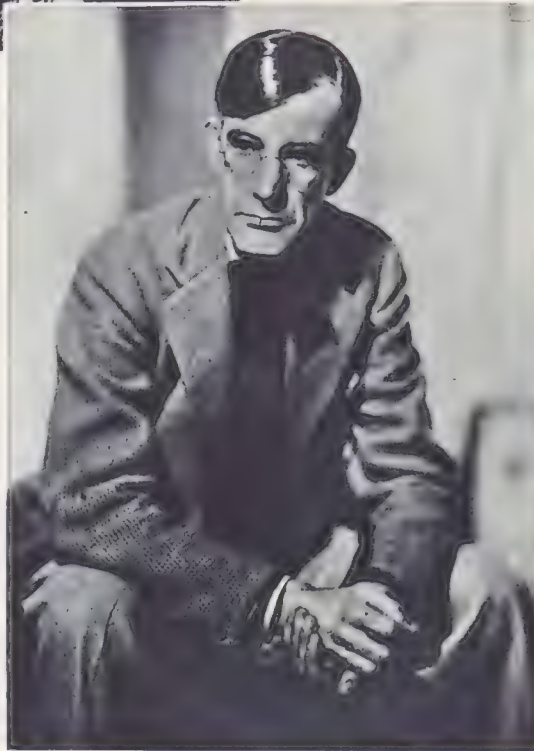


MR. AND MRS. A. G. MACDONELL

Mr. A. G. Macdonell, the satirical novelist and popular and widely-read contributor to the *Bystander* of comprehensive comments on current affairs, was married recently to Fräulein Rosie Paul-Schiff, a Viennese girl, whose family was connected with the wealthy banking firm of Warburg-Schiff. Her parents escaped from Vienna to Czechoslovakia, and later, on the invasion of Prague, to Belgium. No news has been received from them since the German occupation of that country. Mr. Macdonell, who was educated at Winchester, and fought with the Highland Division in the last war, has known Fräulein Paul-Schiff since her arrival in England just before the *Anschluss*. He wished to take her to see the last night of his play, *Titian Red*, at Oxford, but, as an enemy alien, she was not allowed to leave London, hence the hurried marriage by special licence

that a man or woman stung by the quick revolutionary microbe might, at a certain stage of the disease, be certified as ready for transportation to that undelectable island or continent. There a revolution would be sure to be in progress, fighting would never cease, bombs would be continually bursting, governments would be perpetually changing, and political theories could find their justification by actual practice, accompanied by the usual processions, triumphant music, mystic signs by arms and legs, and the inevitable corpses which always accompany revolutions by force.

As it is, these political theories and ambitions are invariably tried out on the peaceful, who die in millions defending their peace. It seems silly to me, but, then, so many human angry activities look silly if you stand outside them, remembering history, knowing human nature, and ignoring the ghastly pathos of it all. Oh, if only the theorists would in themselves practise



HOWARD SPRING, CRITIC AND NOVELIST

The publication of a novel by Howard Spring is always an eagerly-awaited event. "Fame is the Spur" is the title of his latest, published by Collins on July 1, a story concerning England during the last fifty years. His former novel, "My Son! My Son!", originally published under the title of "O Absalom!", had a tremendous success and proved a world best-seller—over half-a-million copies being sold. Howard Spring was born in Cardiff in poor circumstances, and made his own career, starting at the age of twelve as a butcher's errand-boy. Later he joined the staff of various well-known provincial newspapers, and has been the highly efficient literary critic to the *Evening Standard* for a number of years

TOWN AND COUNTRY
WEDDINGS

A NOTTINGHAM WEDDING

The Hon. Margaret Anne Boot, third daughter of Lord and Lady Trent, on the occasion of her marriage to Captain J. E. J. Davie, younger son of the late Lt.-Col. Davie, and Mrs. Davie, of Rawsley, Derbyshire



MARRIED AT CHELSEA OLD CHURCH

Paymaster Sub-Lieutenant Frederick Astley-Jones, R.N., son of Mr. A. Astley-Jones, of Stockton House, Stockton-on-Teme, Worcester, and of Mrs. Piet Van der Byl, of Caledon, South Africa, was married on June 28 at Chelsea Old Church to a goddaughter of the King, Miss Rosemary Alberta Tait, elder daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. W. E. C. Tait, of 29, Sloane Avenue



BROMPTON ORATORY WEDDING

On June 29 Mr. Peter Anthony Grayson Rawlinson, Irish Guards, son of Major and Mrs. A. R. Rawlinson, 9, Marlborough Court, W.8, married Miss Haidée Kavanagh, daughter of Mrs. Kavanagh, of Dolland, Clonsilla, Co. Dublin



MR. AND MRS. ROBERT KENT

St. Clement Danes, Strand, the fine seventeenth-century church, designed by Wren, was the scene of the wedding on June 29 between Mr. Robert James Kent, only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Kent, of Harborne, Sandbanks, Dorset, and Miss Anthea Costello, younger daughter of Mr. Justice Costello, of the High Court, Calcutta, and of Lady Costello, Red Rock, Topsham, Devon

ACTING PILOT-OFFICER AND MRS.
P. A. WOODWARK

Miss Moira Hopwood, the only daughter of the Hon. Frank and Mrs. Hopwood, of Waystrode Manor, Cowden, Kent, and granddaughter of Lord Southborough, was married at Cowden Parish Church to Acting Pilot-Officer Peter Anthony Woodward, R.A.F.V.R., eldest son of Sir Stanley and Lady Woodward, of 4, Harley Street, W.



MR. AND MRS. ROBERT LYLE

Mr. Robert Lyle, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lyle, of Little Bathampton, Wylye, is seen leaving Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, after his marriage, on June 26 to Miss Felicia Dorothy Perks, younger daughter of Sir Malcolm and Lady Perks, of 40, Berkeley Square. Sir Malcolm, who was formerly in the R.N.V.R., married Miss Neysa Gilbert Cheyney, of New York

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

joy of wit, of irony, of observation, and of sound common sense—lonely and despised as human common sense invariably is; but, nevertheless, is always so surprised by its state of solitude! And what matter, though the answer to all this human struggle to convert would appear to be a lemon? Fanaticism lives on lemons and still thrives. In fact, the first revolution which fails to hand revolutionaries anything else will convert me from the first pip. And I dare say, if one could be a god and live on a cloud and feel bored, human idiocy would be as good as a good farce to watch. Unfortunately, the best farces are played seriously, and the human farce is one of them. But at least, in "And No Man's Wit," Miss Macaulay shows us the irony of the entertainment and makes it amusing indeed. If she didn't, it might make the gods weep. Well, perhaps the gods do. I wonder? Anyway, here is a first-class novel; this famous author at her very best.

One Happy Period

AMONG all the many books I have read about Lawrence of Arabia, I think Mrs. Clare Sydney Smith's "The Golden Reign" (Cassell; 12s. 6d.) will remain more vividly in my memory than any. And why? Simply because it shows us Lawrence, not of Arabia or anywhere else, but as "T. E. Shaw," air-mechanic, during what was probably the least eventful, but happiest period of his life. The Great War had come to an end, and "he was disappointed and disillusioned over the way his Arabs were being used for political ends, and refused to help carry through a policy which in his heart he disapproved. During the time of stress he had promised

certain things, pledging his honour and the honour of England, and the failure of statesmen to grant these privileges at the Versailles Conference embittered him." It was therefore such a period of simple, carefree happiness as he found serving under the writer's husband which he needed more than anything else. It was fortunate that, in a comparatively short life, so full of excitement, hard labour and danger, he found this brief physical and spiritual oasis. In it he discovered again at least one side of himself. He was happy. He had packed within a few years as much of life as most great soldiers and travellers endure throughout a long lifetime. Maybe he was tired, and,

A THOUGHT

'E's only a Tommy, 'e don't count for much,
And only 'is mates see 'im fall;
'E won't get no parergraph all to 'isself,
'E done wot they told 'im, that's all.

'E done wot they told 'im, wot else could 'e do?
'E went out to fight like the rest;
'E done wot they told 'im, and England to-day
Is poorer by one of the best.

'E don't leave no widder, no kid as 'll care,
It won't break the 'eart of no gal.
Thank Gave! Then it don't matter much; wot's the odds
If it just breaks the 'eart of a pal.—S.

being tired, wanted to come back to obscurity and himself; wherein, perhaps, men alone find what they have been seeking.

He was lucky to pass this inner rehabilitation among friends who knew and understood him so well. Thus we are told: "There is no doubt that, although he could not come to terms with the established religion of the Church, he lived a deeply spiritual life based

on the life and teachings of Christ. As an undergraduate at Oxford he once sat up all night with a friend discussing on what principle they should base their lives. He himself considered that Christ had lived the most perfect life and he decided to model his on it. Knowledge of this makes his own easier to understand. Having made up his mind to deny the body for the sake of the spirit and to reject the normal man's life of love and marriage, instead of entering a monastery and retiring from the world, he lived a monastic life within the world of ordinary beings."

The great charm of this book, however, lies in the fact that, so to speak, it caught Lawrence in the calm after a period of storm. Disappointing as the result of his labours had been to a great extent, the consequences were beyond his direction now. His great work was done. But he was ready to begin again, albeit in another direction. Hence the discarding of the name which had made him famous, and the assumption of another which to the world at large made him "anonymous"! As a famous man, he wanted to be ignored personally; as a person he wanted to live out that side of his character which had lain dormant during

his great exploits. That side of great simplicity, of love of friends and simple pleasures, of books and, especially, of music. He found fulfilment for all these needs in the home and friendship of the author and her husband. He used to speak of this period of his life as "The Golden Reign"—hence the title of the book. Apart, however, from its interest as a revelation of what Lawrence was like as a man, it gives us a vivid portrait of him as a close companion; in society (which he loathed), as a worker under another's command, as a simple individual, but especially as a friend. It is a plain, straightforward, unpretentious but happy story; told, fortunately, without the least suspicion of gush. A story as one friend might write of another friend, the memory of whose intimacy is still precious. As Robert Graves wrote of Lawrence in his book: "The least and most that can be said about Lawrence is that he is a good man. This 'good' is something that can be understood by a child or a savage or any simple-minded person." And "This," the author adds, "I feel he would prefer as his epitaph." The charm and human value of her personal story is therefore that it enlarges so vividly and with so much understanding that side of Lawrence's nature which may be summed up as simple and as good. And if they are there, these

virtues reveal nearer the whole truth than any others in any great man. So I like to remember the peace and beauty and unpretentiousness of Lawrence's grave in Dorset, which I have often visited, and this book, "The Golden Reign," seems so greatly in accord with that quiet restfulness and the nature of the man who lies buried there.



Antony Beauchamp

THE DOWAGER MARCHIONESS OF TOWNSHEND
Who is running the Officers' Sunday Club, where it is arranged that members can get a good dance and entertainment for the modest outlay of three shillings. Lady Townshend, who is Mayor of King's Lynn, is also actively concerned with the Eastern Command Council of Welfare



Anthony

NINETTE DE VALOIS

The charming Director of the Vic-Wells Ballet at Sadler's Wells (and choreographer with Frederick Ashton), whose latest work, *Prospect Before Us*, was produced on July 4, this being her first since *Checkmate* which had its première at the Paris Exhibition in 1937



SAFETY
FOR THE
CHILDREN:

LADY MORRIS
SENDS
HER FAMILY
TO CANADA

LADY MORRIS—A RECENT PORTRAIT

Cannons of Hollywood

Like so many people who wish to place their children out of reach of air raids and the possibility of invasion, Lord and Lady Morris are evacuating their family of four to Canada, which, along with all the other Dominions, is offering almost unlimited and much-appreciated hospitality to children from the Mother Country. The Hon. Michael Morris, son and heir of Lord Morris, and his twin brother, Patrick, were born in 1937; Aislinn, the elder girl, in 1934, and her sister, Clodagh, in 1936. Lord Morris, the second peer, succeeded his father in 1935; was called to the Bar, but later became a solicitor. He was educated at Downside and Cambridge. His wife, before her marriage in 1933, was Jean Beatrice Maitland-Makgill-Crichton, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. David Maitland-Makgill-Crichton, of Bedford, and a kinswoman of the Earl of Lauderdale. Lord and Lady Morris live at 4, Onslow Square, S.W.7. The children are seen in the gardens with their nurse and a "Scottie" friend, who presumably will stay at home

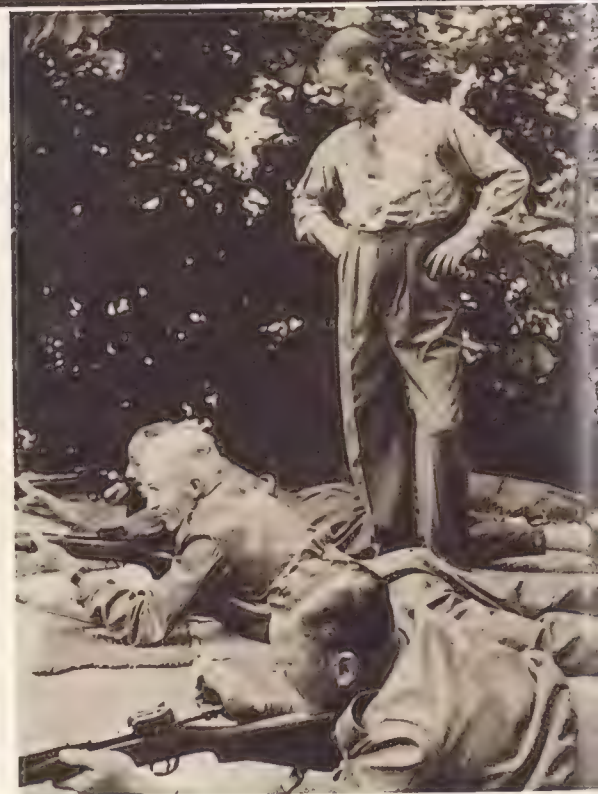




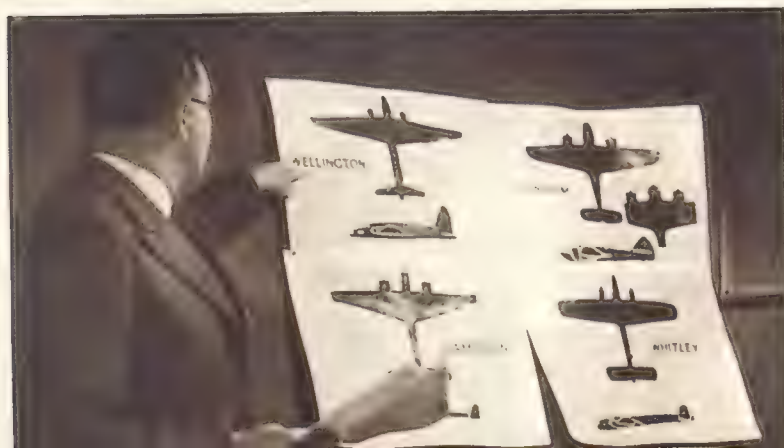
PARADES GO ON TILL IT IS HARDLY LIGHT ENOUGH TO SEE. TWENTY YEARS AND MORE
AND THEY ARE STILL FIRST-CLASS



"MARKERS—FALL IN!" A FAMILIAR COMMAND TO ANY OLD SOLDIER



ON THE RANGE SOMEWHERE IN THIS ENGLAND



LECTURES ARE AN
IMPORTANT ITEM.
AIRCRAFT TYPES
DEMONSTRATED

BRITAIN'S WATCH-DOGS:
THE L.D.V. STAND-TO



DAWN, OR NEARLY SO—THE SENTRY ON THE ALERT

A very large percentage of the fine body known as Local Defence Volunteers is made up of old soldiers, sometimes, and more technically, called "old sweats"—men who have been through the ugly job before, and who are pretty nearly as good as new after a refresher course; keen as mustard, every man Jack of them, and a most valuable reserve for the very large force of the Regular Army now concentrated in these islands. Over a month ago, they numbered over half a million—it is not permissible to state how great has been the increase since that official statement was given out. That they have not forgotten their business we know, and particularly anyone who has been so foolish as still to imagine that we are playing at war



SOME OF THE LITTLE PUPILS AT NET-BALL ON THE HANFORD HOUSE LAWN



WAITING FOR A BUS—
L. to r.: Shirley Cole, Lucy Grogan, Gill Fyll



MONKEY COTTAGE, WHICH WAS BUILT FOR LIEUT.-COL. AND MRS. LISTER'S DAUGHTER, ROSAMOND

COUNTRY HOMES IN WARTIME

No. 7: HANFORD
HOUSE,
BLANDFORD,
NOW A SCHOOL
BILLET



THE ELIZABETHAN COURTYARD, NOW THE
DINING-HALL



(ON LEFT)
THE DINING-ROOM,
NOW A SENIOR
CLASS-ROOM.
MISS TAYLOR,
MISTRESS, IN
CHARGE





TOP-FORM GIRLS
e, and Anne Korndorffer (from Holland)



SCHOOL



When the Junior Section of the Wimbledon High School for Girls was originally evacuated, it was lucky enough to find an abiding place in Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Frederick Lister's beautiful Elizabethan house, Hanford, which is not far from Blandford. The arrangement has been such a success that although the High School has decided to discontinue this small boarding school for a few of its 500 pupils after the end of this term, Mrs. Lister has, for the present, arranged to carry on the school at Hanford herself—in holidays and term time—at the request of the children's parents and with the approval of the Girls' Public Day School Trust, to which the Wimbledon High School belongs. Mrs. Lister has a genius for making children happy, and her own little daughter Rosamond is among the forty-one little girl pupils. The various dormitories are named after representative Empire animals, a happy idea which Mrs. Lister conceived, and each little girl has a tab on her blazer showing whether she is a kangaroo, a lamb, a little Australian bear, and so forth. The atmosphere is a particularly happy one, and of the air and the surroundings it is not necessary to speak. The remainder of the Wimbledon High School of 500 girls still remains at its own headquarters. Lieut.-Col. Lister used to be a Gunner; had a most distinguished record last war, and is a member of the King's Bodyguard

(LEFT) THE EMPIRE
ANIMAL MASCOTS (ELEPHANT,
CANTERBURY LAMB, KOALA,
KANGAROO, BEAVER, LION,
SPRINGBOK, ZEBRA): THE
DORMITORIES ARE NAMED
AFTER THEM

(RIGHT) A PARADE
OF EMPIRE SECTIONS



THE NORTH FRONT OF HANFORD HOUSE, LIEUT.-COL. AND MRS. FREDERICK
LISTER'S DORSETSHIRE SEAT



THE BEAUTIFUL ROCK-GARDEN WHICH COLONEL LISTER MADE. HE AND HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER
IN THE FOREGROUND



"THUNDER ROCK"

AT THE NEIGHBOURHOOD THEATRE



ROSALIND ATKINSON AS MISS KIRBY,
PERCY PARSONS AS CAPTAIN JOSHUA,
BERNARD MILES AS BRIGGS

FIRST catch your hare! The old proverb has now given place to a new one: first catch your theatre. The latest theatre to be caught is the Neighbourhood, a little playhouse in one of the smartest parts of South Kensington, to wit, 38, Harrington Road, S.W.7. It may be telephoned at Kensington 7505.

Now there is a case to be made for the commercial West End theatre, and this is it. The West End theatre is a money-making affair which exists merely to provide dividends for shareholders. It takes no more æsthetic interest in the drama than the shareholders in our big stores take an æsthetic interest in kettles, stockings, trouser-presses, soap, and canteens of cutlery. Its aim is to help the big restaurants and the night-clubs to pick the pocket of whosoever is fool enough to come up West in the evening!

But little theatres like the Neighbourhood see life differently. They are theatres for sheer love of theatre, and only hope that that love will not be their ruin. They realise that a West End play is merely an item in all the other excitements of a West End jaunt, which begins with dinner at one famous and expensive restaurant, and ends up with supper at another more famous and more expensive restaurant. On the other hand, theatre-going at the Gate in Villiers Street, at the Torch in Knightsbridge, at the Chantecleer near Gloucester Road, and now at the Neighbourhood, is quite another matter. There is no suspicion of a jaunt about it. It happens between a meat-tea and a cold supper. In short, there is no excitement about going to these little playhouses except the excitement of the play itself. That is why the plays without the

West End pale are better than those within it. If I were a West End agency I should use the slogan: "You

dancing recitals, and the same building houses an admirable collection of modern pictures. Opposite there is a delightful club, so delightful that it will require very good plays indeed to send patrons promptly back to the theatre after the intervals.

Fortunately, Mr. Robert Ardrey's *Thunder Rock* is a very good play indeed, and a brilliantly acted one. The principal characters are an American lighthouse, an emigrant ship which foundered ninety years previously, and the dead captain and six of his drowned crew. It is not too cynical a view to say that all these characters are far more alive and far more inspiring than the stuffed dolls of your fashionable West End dramas, and that there is more excitement in this lighthouse's single room than in all the apartments inhabited by Octopuses, Rebecas, and other modish fish. Possibly this is because Mr. Ardrey's characters come alive in the mind of the young lighthouse-keeper, played by Mr. Michael Redgrave.

This character is a *défaitiste* seeking to escape from the present by living again in the past. But the past bids him cheer up! Because 1940 cannot find solutions does not mean that 1849 had no problems. Very well, then. Ultimately, 1849 found its solutions. So will 1940 find its solutions. If not, what are wireless, gramophones, croonings, and all modern inventions for? It would doubtless shock the author of this curiously modern play to be told that getting on for a hundred years ago a compatriot of his put his present message into a single line: "Footprints which perhaps another, seeing, shall take heart again." Can sea-captains who died a hundred years ago leave footprints on the waters of Lake Michigan? Well asked, dear reader of these notes. Go now to the Neighbourhood Theatre and you will be well answered.



TOWNSEND WHITLING AS INSPECTOR
FLANNING, ROBERT SANSOM AS
STREETER, MICHAEL REDGRAVE AS
CHARLESTON

want the best plays?—South Kensington, Knightsbridge, and the bottom end of Villiers Street have them!"

At the Neighbourhood, an annual subscription of half-a-crown makes you free of a *chic* little theatre, two grand-pianos wide. I know that these dimensions are correct, because half of the theatre's width is already taken up by one grand piano! The same stage is being used for musical and



SELMA VAZ DIAS AS ANNE MARIE, FREDDA BRILLIANT AS MELANIE,
FREDERICK VALK AS DR. STEFAN KURTZ

AN EXPERT IN DÉCOR AND HER WORK



GLADYS CALTHROP IN HER STUDIO



Those who have seen Noel Coward's enchanting operettas and extremely clever plays will remember that the *décor* for these has almost entirely been carried out by Gladys Calthrop; who is really brilliant at this work. Every detail in period dress or furniture is in perfect harmony, and the result a joy to behold. Previously, as is well known, she did a great deal of similar work for C. B. Cochran. Recently she turned her attention to writing, and her first novel, "Paper Patterns," was published shortly before the outbreak of war. The *décor* for Clemence Dane's play, *Muriel*, was by Mrs. Calthrop, and she was working on two plays by Noel Coward which were in preparation, but these were immediately put aside for the "duration." Noel Coward returned to England from the States a few weeks ago, and has been engaged on Government work for some time. At the moment, Gladys Calthrop is unable to spend much time either writing or designing in her very attractive studio, which is artistically decorated in grey, as she is working for the Women's Voluntary Services under that very able leader, the Dowager Marchioness of Reading



PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "SABRETACHE"

HISTORY has a quaint way of repeating itself. This has been remarked upon many previous occasions all down the ages. I make so bold, however, as to suggest that in the due course of things we may see this proved in an even more pronounced manner than ever before. A quite recent instance of repetition is Dunkirk; but we are now dealing with something much more important than an isolated incident like Corunna, which in itself was only a part of a scheme, which at that time was not developing exactly as we wanted it to do. Moore's Army escaped by the skin of its teeth aided by its own unbeatable spirit, plus the British Navy. Dunkirk (Calais-Boulogne), much bigger operations taken collectively, were accomplished in exactly the same way. But attention is invited to a coincidence of far greater significance. You can never see any picture if you stand too close to it. You get no idea at all from the daisies and the cowslips which the artist has painted most beautifully in the foreground. Stand back and look at it from the right distance and you will see something very different.

PICTURES in the Fire are evanescent things, but sometimes they do burn themselves in and induce a turn of thought which may be helpful. Stand back from the picture in the very hot fire of the present moment, and stand back as far as 480 B.C. That was the year of the naval battle of Salamis, which throttled an imposing host which seemed to have the civilised world, as it was then known, at its mercy. Sea power, plus Themistocles, the Greek naval commander-in-chief, altered everything. Now for the rest of a yarn which I suggest supplies a most amazing and completely exact parallel, only the names being different.

ONCE upon a time there lived a man called Xerxes and, like somebody whom we know very well, his one idea was to dominate the world. The chief obstacle in his path as he conceived it was a country which represented the highest measure of civilisation of those 400 to 500 years before the Christian era. That country was Greece. Xerxes was certain that his previous successes in Asia Minor and elsewhere would be followed by domination of the principal power in Europe. So, having built a nice bridge of boats across the Hellespont, he came over with the biggest army which (at that time) had ever been seen. It numbered over two and a half million fighting men. He believed that he could overwhelm anything that could possibly be put in the field against him. This did not seem to be too optimistic. He swept through Thrace and eventually arrived at a place called the Hot Gates, but which may be better remembered by Smith Minor as Thermopylae, and it was there that the Greek army, under

their King, Leonidas, determined to make a stand. They had been having all the worst of the deal so far, but there they stood, and, as is history, Leonidas and his small half-battalion of 300 Spartans died to a man rather than retreat. But the small Greek army might not have failed if they had not been betrayed by a gentleman by the name of Ephialtes, who let the enemy in by the back door. I suggest that this Malian has had a very recent reincarnation. Everything

then seemed to be going splendidly for Xerxes, and Greece appeared to be on the point of complete destruction. Xerxes was fighting drunk and believed that the world was his.

HE was wrong. He had forgotten the Greek naval C.-in-C. When Xerxes' invasion began to materialise, it was upon Themistocles' advice that Athens was evacuated, because, knowing Xerxes, he thought the women and children would be far safer elsewhere. The Greek army, including even the Spartan regiments, was getting a bit panicky and was apt to run. So what did Themistocles do? He sent allegedly traitorous information to Xerxes suggesting that he could cut off the Greek retreat by bringing his ships to a spot called Salamis. The Persian thought the information first-class, and he moved his ships at once. This stopped the rot in the Greek services, because they then saw that they *had* to fight—and fight, by the powers, they did! The Greek fleet laid the Persian fleet out stone-cold—thus destroying Xerxes' lifeline and putting a throttle-hold on his great army from which it never recovered. Plataea is the reference for anyone further interested in a somewhat amazing parallel. Xerxes' entire shooting match was upset by sea power. When he got back home his loving subjects did him in and the same fate

overtook his son, Arta (or "Arter") Xerxes. They slew him after he had reigned only two months. The modern Xerxes has no son, but there are many waiting in the pavilion with their pads on.

History is certain to repeat itself. "Salamis" will decide the issue to-day as certainly as it did all those many years ago.

THESE few words from a letter written by Mr. Charles Gould to *The Times* should, I suggest, be blazoned upon every hoarding throughout the country:

"... for they have taken the measure of their opponents and decided that 'when a German is half-beat he is finished.' When an Englishman is half-beat he fights tougher than ever!"

There is likewise this that I think should be kept in mind:

"There is this further that we should not forget: the horse now out in front has a yellow streak down his back. When he is collared, as collared he will be, he will drop his bit and shut up like a clasp-knife."—*These notes, June 19.*

SO far, the Hun has not had to work his passage. The Czechs, the Poles, the Norwegians, the Danes, the Dutch, the Belgians—virtual walk-overs: the French a partial one, and though his losses at sea have been severe, and his air force has not come out of it by any means scot-free, his land army has had things almost all its own way.



FEED FOR THE POOR OLD PIGS

Miss Violet Hudson, sister of the Minister of Agriculture, has formed a small pig club, which big pigs can also join, and it is doing very well at her house at Wimbledon. Her assistant (name not given) goes round in the little cart collecting for the swill-tub



TWO CHARTERHOUSE CENTURIES

A. S. Lovett (116) and J. G. Larking (129) were the Charterhouse opening pair in the one-day match v. Harrow. They won comfortably by 93 (306 for 9), Harrow 213



WATCHING "TURKHAN" WIN THE BIG RACE

Miss Mollie O'Rorke, the first woman Master of the Galway Blazers, which she took over last season; Mr. Cyril McCormack, son of the renowned tenor and owner of race-horses, and Lady Hemphill, the charming American wife of Lord Hemphill, who is a staunch patron of The Blazers at the appropriate time of the year



MRS. NESBIT WADDINGTON LEADS IN "TURKHAN," THE WINNER
Mr. Nesbit Waddington is the manager of the Aga Khan's stud in Kildare, where "Turkhan" was bred. Charlie Smirke rode the colt, who won very easily



TWO DISTINGUISHED PERSONALITIES

Lieut.-Colonel Richard Charteris, who is a kinsman of Lord Wemyss and owns the best woodcock shoot in Ireland at Cahir, and the Rt. Hon. T. K. Laidlaw, as well known in the yachting as he is in the racing world. Not a cheer went up from a rather glum crowd as "Turkhan" passed the post

AT THE IRISH DERBY IN WHICH THE AGA KHAN HAD HIS THIRD SUCCESS



THE HON. MRS. GERALD WELLESLEY AND HER SISTER, LADY JOCELYN

The Hon. Gerald Wellesley is the well-known Kildare trainer, and his wife and Lady Jocelyn are the daughters of the late Mr. Edward Kennedy, who brought "Roi Herode" (sire of "The Tetrarch," etc.) to Ireland. The English-owned colts "Turkhan," "Golden Tiger," and "Claudius" finished 1, 2, 3, none of the Irish division being able to make any impression



Poole, Dublin

THE HON. PATRICIA FRENCH AND MISS VERONICA ROCHE

Two more of those who saw the odds-on favourite, "Turkhan," win the Irish Derby. The Hon. Patricia French is a sister of Lord De Freyne

THE HOME FRONT

"The Tatler" in Town and Country



THE FIRST SEA LORD'S
DAUGHTER MARRIED

Lieut. and Mrs. D. R. Duff emerging from St. Michael's, Chester Square, after their last week's wedding, with the bride's father, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound, who had the Mediterranean Command just before his present appointment

Back From France

LAST week in London a soldier of the first B.E.F. remarked: "The people I take my hat off to are the war correspondents; unlike a great many other men, they were never preoccupied with safety first. On the contrary, they seemed to think of nothing except getting their despatches off from the most dangerous spots. A d— fine lot of fellows, if you ask me," he added. It did civilians good to hear first-hand evidence of the courage of the Press, in the midst of so many less creditable stories from eye-witnesses who, however divergent in their views, are unanimous in praise for the valour of certain historic English and Scottish regiments, and for the *Chasseurs Alpins*.

Young Miss Peggy Blake, one of the "lost forty-six" ambulance drivers, who returned last but not least, tells me the Senegalese units were magnificent under native N.C.O.s, but that innumerable *poilus* said they had been let down hopelessly by their officers. They blamed M. Blum in no uncertain language. It was he, they believe, who remoulded the French Army to its disadvantage, promoting unsuitable types and inoculating the glorious traditions with a virus of false equality; the accompanying lack of respect leading to *laissez-aller* and to sleeping sickness. And they blame the *Front Populaire* (Blum again) for the shortage of blankets and other vital accessories, French stocks having been depleted to provision Spanish Communists. The motor-racing fraternity will be interested in Miss Blake's escape, as her father, Dr. H. E. Blake, was once a "Bentley Boy" with an excellent Great War record. After incredible adventures, she walked into her anxious

parents' London house with all her kit, plus an array of loot which a *gendarme* had presented to her from the shattered *vitrines* of an evacuated town which was burning at one end, and about to be entered by the Hun at the other. "You might as well take it, *Mademoiselle*," he said, as he found her as many bottles of brandy as she needed for her wounded. For her mother she took some silk stockings—"feeling no end of a bandit." As you read in the dailies, the Royal

she found incredible after living through the agony of France, but Noel Coward told her, "It is the English way of carrying on," and as he was addressing an American and a Scot we had no come-back. The restaurant was full of millionaire refugees. Mr. Goldman and his pretty wife (Sheila Roche) from the Riviera; several Rothschilds; Mme. Tabouis, and the Frank Goldsmiths from Monte Carlo. (I wonder whether the Italians will be content with Mentone. If they advance on Nice the ancient and independent Principality of Monaco will find itself threatened, Casino, aquarium and all.) Lady Milford Haven, whose son is serving in the Royal Navy, and Mrs. Henry Coventry (very worried about her son-in-law, Lord Aylesford, of whom there was then no news) ate hurried lunches. The Duke of Sutherland and Lord Carnegie and Lady Maud represented Scotland, which reminds us to congratulate Lord Glasgow's popular second daughter, Lady Hersey Boyle, on her Ayrshire wedding to Lord Radstock's heir, at which neighbours were made welcome.

A refugee I met in Park Lane was Mrs. John Stewart Lithiby, the American-born wife of one of the most likeable English business men in pre-war Paris. Their tiny villa at Le Touquet, the scene of much hospitality, earned its nickname, "The Nineteenth Hole."

(Continued on page 62)



PIPED AWAY AFTER THEIR WEDDING AT KEIR
Captain the Hon. Simon and Mrs. Ramsay were married in the private chapel at Keir House, Dunblane, and, as is customary when an officer of a very famous Highland regiment weds, the pipers played him and his bride away. The bride is the elder daughter of the late Brig.-General Archibald Stirling of Keir and the Hon. Mrs. Stirling, and the bridegroom is the Earl of Dalhousie's only brother

Navy brought these unshaken young women to safety after the last contingent of troops and refugees had sailed.

Leslie, Lady Doverdale, who crossed on positively the last troopship, wearing her dusty S.B.M. (*Secours aux Blessés Militaires*) (unofficially) uniform in which she had been working with the French Army, received a shrapnel wound in her cheek. She scarcely noticed it until it "blew up" on the boat, where the friendly Tommies took wonderful care of the twelve English women and eight children who escaped from La Rochelle, thanks to the insistence of the British Consul.

Last Week in London

IT was at Claridge's that I listened to Lady Doverdale's experiences, while the band played soft nothings, which



Dennis Moss

A WEST COUNTRY CHRISTENING

The christening took place at Poulton, near Cirencester, on June 22 of the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Player, of Poulton Fields, Cirencester

In the group are: (left to right) the Hon. Mrs. Ormsby-Gore (a godmother), Mrs. J. Loder (grandmother), Mr. Stephen Player, Royal Gloucestershire Hussars (father), Mrs. Stephen Player, holding the baby, who was given the names of Karen Jean; Mrs. W. G. Player (grandmother), Lord St. Aldwyn (Royal Gloucestershire Hussars), godfather to the child; and Miss E. Player (godmother). The officiating clergy were: the Rev. —, Lowe, Chaplain to the 21st Royal Gloucestershire Hussars, and the Rev. —, Dodd, of Poulton

KIA-ORA, Queen of Drinks,
Rouses appetite that sinks
From effulgence
Of indulgence.



THE HOME FRONT—continued

Many of the Lithibys' friends are missing; and the casualties among French *filles de famille* have been appalling. The best blood there, as here, was the first to be shed. By "best" my informant does not mean the scions of café society, whose pleasure-seeking habit of mind contributed enormously to the *dégringolade*. A number of these smart customers will not be able to return to France with impunity, for the ordinary citizen has realised—alas, too late—that the Ritz-bar mentality, however amusing, is fatal alike to a realistic war effort and to unselfish patriotic ideals. The Ritz in Paris, unlike the Ritz in London and the Ritz in New York (to misquote Anita Loos' eternal blonde) has become the headquarters of the German General Staff.

Well-Met in London

ALSO met in London—General Sir Beauvoir de Lisle, whose son is in the 11th,

and whose books make good reading. He is at work on one which includes reminiscences of that *beau sabreur* General Sir Tom Bridges; it may become a film. Lady (Edward) Worthington's grey flannel-checked outfit with tan accessories gave

fourteen wounds in the last war), about whom there is no news. The Cartiers are somewhere in France; he seriously ill. Carl Nater's wife and three babies are going to Mrs. Sylvester Prime (Jacqueline Cartier) in the U.S.A., but Mrs. Rupert Mitford's three American-born Hainault (*nés* Eno) children have elected to remain, unless Summerfields removes to Canada.

Mrs. "Jack" Crofton-Atkins is off to Portland, Oregon, to live with her husband's cousins; Lady "Alys" Bingham talks of returning to her native States, and Mrs. Victor Cochrane-Baillie, who had been an evacuee in Hertfordshire with the Kenneth Hogg, is now a guest of Mrs. Otto Kahn. Weimar and Peggy Cross, a popular London-American couple, are taking their boys to America; and Mrs. Earl Duffin, of the London-Canadian colony, is taking her children home, while her husband joins forces with Eric Bowater, who sent his wife and baby to Newfoundland last week; he is an energetic L.D.V. platoon commander in Surrey. More news from the Surrey, Suffolk, Yorkshire and Gloucestershire fronts next week.



CHRISTENING IN SUSSEX

Sir John and Lady Heygate's second son, Richard George, was christened on July 2 at Warbleton Parish Church. Sir John, who is in battle dress, is a Gunner; was educated at Eton and is well known as an author, his first book, "Decent Fellows," having caused some controversy. The setting for his novel, "A House for Joanna," was the village of Warbleton. A new book is expected in the autumn. His wife, who is seen holding her son, was, before her marriage in 1936, Miss Gweneth Eliot Lloyd. The picture includes her brother, Mr. Fraser Lloyd, Lady Violet Powell, and Princess Helena Yurievitch



MR. AND MRS. ANTHONY BORRETT

On July 2 at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, 2nd Lt. Anthony Thomas Vanneck Borrett, elder son of Captain P. R. Borrett, and of the Countess of Leitrim, was married to Miss Eileen Mary Watson, daughter of the late Mr. Geoffrey Graham Watson, and of Mrs. Stewart Johnston, of 46, Upper Grosvenor Street. Mr. Borrett is a nephew of Lord Huntingfield

tone to an almost empty Bond Street. Her brother, Captain Euan Wallace, is now "in charge of air raids" as a woman put it. Good-looking Mrs. "Reggie" Garnett, rushing back to the Ministry of Information, said how much she enjoys working there. Her husband is winding up his work for the Finland Fund, and Madame Gripenberg and her schoolgirl daughter Joan are staying with Mrs. Victor Morawetz in New York. Mrs. Morawetz is a veteran war worker. After four years in France last time she was decorated by Maréchal Joffre, having tended the wounded under fire. Now she is helping half-a-dozen organisations in New York, where it is no exaggeration to say that Everyone does his or her bit, including, unfortunately, those exalted Fifth Columnists who are still at large.

Mrs. John Monk (Margaret Thesiger) is in London, doing a whole-time job at the Indian Comforts Fund, as befits the youngest daughter of a former Viceroy. Her husband is still a civilian. Looking ethereally attractive in a pale green cutaway coat, with her fair hair flying, Miss Durell Sale-Barker informed me she has been enrolled in A.T.T.A., and that Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg is also flying 'planes from factory to airfield.

Another erstwhile winter-sports enthusiast in Bond Street was Carl Nater, son of the Mayor of St. Moritz and son-in-law of M. Jacques Cartier (who received



CAPTAIN AND LADY KATHLEEN VERNEY

Who were married quietly at 5.30 p.m. on July 3 at St. James's, Piccadilly. Captain Desmond Verney is the youngest son of Sir Harry and Lady Joan Verney, and his lovely bride was Lady Kathleen Cole, daughter of the Earl of Enniskillen. She was given away by her brother, Viscount Cole, the Hampshire Regiment, as her father was unable to get a permit to leave Ireland



“I’m not clear about this Sam-Browne business”

Only a short while ago — he was in his father’s office.

Today, he is an army officer. With all the unfamiliar problems of uniform, out-fitting, equipment, to be solved — at once . . .!

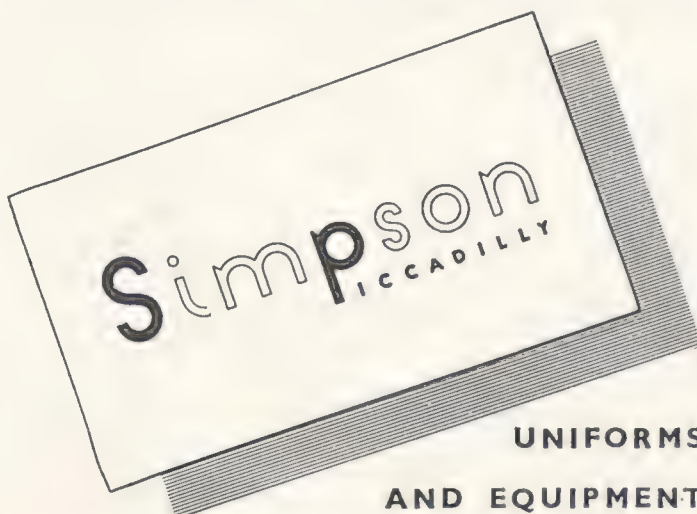
There are thousands like him. If you are one — you *too*, should come to Simpsons — as so many senior officers do.

Only so great an organisation as this can equip you with the speed and accuracy and expertness that you must have at this moment.

Simpsons are more than tailors of long repute and tradition. They make their clothes in fine modern workrooms expertly staffed and scientifically planned for quick delivery.

As well as Simpson Piccadilly, there are picked Service outfitters in every town, who are Simpson agents — and who can supply you wherever you are with everything from a lanyard to a fleece-lining — the greatest service link-up in the country.

Don’t waste your allowance by buying things you won’t need. Go to any one of these Simpson agents. There you will get the advice you need, the full attention to your questions, the right accessories at right prices. And of course a first-rate uniform, correct to “regulation.” (Tunic 5 gns, trousers 2 gns)



OVER 200 SIMPSON AGENTS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY, AND SIMPSON, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK



"They say they've been engaged as ship's entertainers!"

AS the Vicar started to go up the front steps of his church, a stately but short-sighted old lady stopped him with the request, "Could you do me a favour?"

"Certainly, madam."

"Then please help me up these steps."

Arriving at the top, she paused for breath. Then she asked: "Can you tell me who is preaching to-day?"

"Why—er—the Vicar."

"Then will you do me another favour and help me down again?"

THE two tramps sat with their backs to an old oak-tree. Before them was a rippling stream. The day was delightful, yet one of them looked rather disconsolate.

"You know, Jim," he mused, "this business of tramping your way through life is not what it's cracked up to be. Think it over: nights on park benches or in a cold barn. Travelling on dusty freight trains and always dodging the police. Being kicked from one town to another. Wondering where your next meal is coming from. Wandering, unwanted everywhere, sneered at by your fellow-men—"

His voice trailed off as he sighed heavily. His companion shifted slightly.

"Well," said the second tramp, "if that's the way you feel, why don't you go and find yourself a job?"

The first sat up with a jerk.

"What?" he scowled. "And admit that I'm a failure?"

"I am delighted to meet you," said the father of the college student, shaking hands warmly with the professor. "My son took algebra from you last year, you know."

"Pardon me," said the professor, "he was exposed to it, but he did not take it."

THE teacher had explained that a monarchy is a country ruled by a king.

"If the king dies, who rules?" the teacher asked.

"The queen," someone suggested.

"Yes; under certain circumstances, which I shall explain later, that is true. Now, if the queen dies, who takes her place?"

Only one boy ventured to reply. "The Jack," he said.

SAID Mrs. Higgins: "This war can't last more than a couple of months, because my old man has joined up, and he never keeps a job longer than that."

"YOU can follow your regular trade in the Navy," said the naval officer.

"But," objected the recruit, "I used to be a cowboy."

"So what? You can be a cook, and ride the range in the galley!"

THE young man who had been called up explained volubly that in his case there was no need for a medical examination.

"I'm fit and I want to fight. I want to go over on the next boat. I want to go right into the front line, but I want to have a hospital close, so that if I get hit, no time will be wasted in taking me where I can get mended right away, so that I can get right back to the line without losing a minute. Pass me in, doctor. Don't waste any time on me. I want to fight and keep fighting!"

The doctor, however, insisted, and when he had completed his examination he reported a perfect physical specimen.

"You don't find anything wrong with me?" asked the man.

"Nothing."

"But, doctor, don't you think I'm a bit crazy?"



"Isn't it wonderful?—Jimmy's been awarded the C.B. for ten days!"

A young doctor returned to his native village and called upon the old family physician.

"I suppose you intend to specialise," remarked the latter.

"Oh, yes," replied the young man, "in the diseases of the nose, for the ears and throat are too complicated to be combined with the nose for purposes of study and treatment."

Thereupon the family physician inquired: "Which nostril are you concentrating on?"

THE colonel, as he walked round the barracks, noticed a long queue of men waiting outside the stables. Each held a lump of sugar.

"I am pleased to see you love animals, all of you," he remarked to one recruit. "I suppose the horse you're giving the sugar to is the pet of the regiment?"

"He is, sir," replied the recruit. "He's the one what kicked the sergeant."

G.E.C.

QUALITY PRODUCTS

Long-lasting, hard-wearing qualities are called for in the products you purchase to-day. That is why electrical necessities made by the G.E.C. will prove now, as they have in the past, the wisest choice.



**EVERYTHING
ELECTRICAL**
for the home

MADE IN ENGLAND

Sold by all Electrical Suppliers

Advt. of The General Electric Co., Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

Quality Tells

VAT 69
SANDERSON'S LUXURY BLEND
SCOTCH WHISKY
LEITH

*Sanderson's
LUXURY BLEND
SCOTCH WHISKY*

VAT 69

W. M. SANDERSON & SON LTD., LEITH

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

Faith

RETURNING from a certain aerodrome a short time ago, I stopped on the way to call at a village inn. There I listened to a conversation which had an almost uncanny bearing on the conversation I had just been taking part in at the aerodrome. Bombs had fallen near the inn two nights before, and two of the more eminent drinkers were voicing the opinion that what we had had up to then in this country was "just nothing" to what would be coming in the future. They seemed to enjoy the thought of the aerial fury which they expected to descend upon them, and each supported the other in emphasising its probable violence. It seemed that the rain of bombs would be such that not a blade of grass for miles around would survive.



AIR CHIEFS IN EGYPT

An official picture taken when Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore, A.O.C.-in-C. Middle East, visited a squadron of the Royal Egyptian Air Force, and was received by Air Vice-Marshal Hassan Abdel Wahab Pasha, Director of the Royal Egyptian Air Force

Then up spoke a small, pinch-faced man who had until then been sipping his beer and listening to the others. "You say they'll send over hundreds to attack one point," he remarked. "Thousands," corrected the other two. "Very well; thousands. But I want to ask you something. D'you think our lads will let them?" The other two looked at one another and said almost simultaneously: "Of course not." It now seemed that what the two had meant was that the Germans would try to send over thousands of bombers to devastate whole areas, and that that was exactly what "our lads" were waiting for. The conversation now began to assume a totally different direction, and, instead of awful contemplation of the sufferings of the English countryside under the German rain of bombs, it turned to an almost

pitiful commentary upon the fate of the German crews.

No one in that inn had the smallest doubt that "our lads" would let them have it. No one had the slightest fear about the result when "our lads" got in touch with the enemy. The two solemn drinkers smiled faintly as they solemnly nodded, and gravely asserted that "our lads" would just "massacre them."

Problems

IT was pleasing to note that absolute and universal confidence in the officers and men of the Royal Air Force, expressed with such patent conviction by these obscure people in an obscure inn. It was a heartening experience. Yet I could not help contrasting it with the conversation I had taken part in at the aerodrome just before. For there the point under discussion had been the difficulty of making contact with the enemy under certain conditions of darkness and bad visibility. There was no doubt about the fighting ability of our men and machines when contact was made; but the problem of making contact was recognised.

It is a point which I think the general public should understand. Every word that was said about the fighting ability of "our lads" in that inn was right. But conditions in the air vary between wide limits; they vary between a visibility of nil to an almost unlimited visibility. At night, when there are clouds about, the best organised information system cannot always put its men on to the raiders. Spotting other aircraft from an aircraft is a matter of the greatest difficulty because the pilot is, in effect, deaf. Unlike the person on the ground, who can orient his head in the direction of an approaching machine by the sound, the pilot must rely on his eyes alone. He can hear no other sound above his own engine.

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

Locked Cars Are Now Compulsory

IT is now an offence to leave a car unattended without first removing the ignition key and locking the doors. After lighting-up time, not only must these precautions be adopted, but, in the event of the car being left outside, a vital part of the mechanism, such as the distributor arm, must be removed, a locking device applied to steering or wheel, and the garage or yard doors locked up. Owners on official or civic duty may leave cars immobilised by removing the ignition keys and locking the doors. In order to enforce these new regulations, the police, members of the Forces, which include the L.D.V., may inspect unattended vehicles and take the necessary steps to see that they are immobilised.

The other evening I garaged my car in a big car-park and, before leaving it, removed the key, locked the doors, and took out the distributor arm. The operation took half a minute. The car-park attendant told me that many people did not even bother to lock their cars, and then astounded me by saying that the ignition keys on certain quantity-produced cars are very easily forged, so that one key can operate in any other keyhole. On the other hand, according to him, the keys used on Ford cars were genuinely individual, and it is practically impossible to fake them. It would be interesting to hear what the big manufacturers have to say about the thief-proof value of the keys fitted to their products.

More About Car-Dumps and Scrap

A recent note on wayside car-dumps and their possible contribution to the national campaign for the collection of scrap-metal has brought me a letter from S.I.S.C.—Scrap Iron and Steel Campaign (Iron and Steel Control)—427, Bush House, W.C.2. According to this authority, there are at least 250 car-dumps in thirty counties of England. They house 13,000 to 14,000 derelict vehicles, the bodies and engines of which should now be utilised. As I pointed out, there is a large amount of non-ferrous metals in all this scrap, but apart from that, the iron and steel of the frames, wings and engines would be of the utmost value as raw materials for the iron and steel industry. Owners of these dumps, therefore, would be doing a national service if they got into touch at once with the nearest scrap-iron and steel merchant. For every ton tells.

Henry Ford and the Rolls-Royce Engine

IT was bewildering to read of Henry Ford's refusal to manufacture Rolls-Royce aero engines in quantity, side by side with a big advertisement describing what Ford Motor Co., Ltd., at Dagenham were doing to help the national war effort. It would have been interesting from a technical stand-point to see how the Ford people would have tackled the quantity production of so complicated a piece of mechanism as the "Merlin" engine. I wonder whether they would have simplified the design, perhaps in many minor parts, or followed the working drawings of Derby to the smallest detail. Of one thing I am sure: they would have invented and installed a magnificent, costly and ingenious specialised plant, with the idea of eliminating as much hand-work as possible. And it was probably because of the enormous overhead charges that this plant would have called for that Ford would not take on the order for the smaller number of engines required by the American Air Force.



A MOBILE CANTINEEN FOR THE NEW ZEALANDERS
IN LONDON

Mrs. Chapman, wife of "A.P.F.", former England Test cricket skipper, with Mrs. W. J. Jordan, wife of the N.Z. High Commissioner, who is in the background with a lady unnamed. Mr. Jordan was all through the last German War with the New Zealand forces

MORE POPULAR
THAN EVER



In the Mess, in hotels, restaurants and bars—no less than in the home—the call is for Whitbread's superb Pale Ale.

Brewed from British hops and barley; appetizing, refreshing, stimulating; Whitbread's superb Pale Ale is more popular than ever.

WHITBREAD'S PALE ALE

BREWED & BOTTLED BY WHITBREAD & CO., LTD., LONDON, E.C.1



The County-X Siren Suit . . .

The "COUNTY-X" Siren Suit is one of the most practical garments created. It is made in beautiful superfine all-wool velour of pre-war quality and has lightening fasteners down the centre front and side seams. The sizes range from 34 in. to 42 in. hips and prices from 79s. 6d.

The suit is also supplied with a small collar in place of the hood, and colours are navy, coffee brown, Guards' red, lido, camel, pale blue, moss, emerald and black

Obtainable from the Marshall & Snelgrove Country shops, including Adderly's of Leicester and Williams & Hopkins of Bournemouth. Also other well-known houses throughout the country

The name and address of your nearest retailer will be supplied on application to:
SELINCOURT & SONS, LTD., makers of "COUNTY-X" wear, 3 Vere St., London, W.1



"COMPANY" ORDERS MEAN

vote for VOTRIX vermouth

When next you're ordering for a festive occasion make sure to vote for Votrix. Your guests will enjoy it because it is a natural, full-strength Vermouth produced in the same way, with the same ingredients, as the Vermouths from abroad. And you will appreciate its saving, for Votrix, being British, costs quite considerably less. Produced and bottled by Vine Products Ltd., Kingston, Surrey.



ITALIAN
STYLE
(Sweet)

3/9

FRENCH
STYLE
(Dry)

4/3

★MAKE IT A 'GIN AND BRIT' NEXT TIME

Highway of Fashion

by M. E. Brooke

ALL in search of frocks that are attractive and simple must wend their way to the second floor of Swan & Edgar's, Piccadilly Circus, where the stock line department is located. There it is that the study in blue and white below may be seen. As will be noticed, it has an elongated yoke relieved with white net frills. Of it one may become the possessor for 6½ guineas. There is an infinite variety of Crisaline and other washing frocks for £3, many being reinforced with becoming boleros. To put the matter in a nutshell, "off-duty" frocks of all kinds are well represented. They are remarkably well finished, and are of practical materials which do not easily become crushed



BEAUTIFUL materials, lovely colours and graceful lines are the ingredients that are ever present in Liberty's (Regent Street) wrappers and negligées. The model pictured above is carried out in pale nougat pink sunbeam brocade, strapped with plain satin. As there are no complicated fastenings, it can be slipped on in the fraction of a second. Much to be desired are the Indian cotton prints for 49s. 6d. The lines are decidedly flattering. A strong point in their favour is that they wash remarkably well. Neither must it be overlooked that wrappers of pin silk are merely £4 10s. It seems almost unnecessary to add that a feature is made of smocks for the garden and all other occasions. Illustrations of these would be sent on application



Photographs by George Miles

For every-day
fitness and health

TAKE
ENO'S
"FRUIT SALT"

first thing every morning

Doctors recommend Eno's!

By Appointment to



the late King George V.

Service Watches



During 1914-18 The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company became known all over the Empire for reliable Service Watches; and that reputation holds good today. These are four from our very wide selection; they are in Stainless Steel, sand-proof, water-proof cases; and are specially constructed to give never-failing accuracy under most severe conditions. Reading from the top the prices are £6.5.0; £7.10.0; £8.0.0 and £13.10.0. Each watch carries our 2-year guarantee and we can think of no more useful present for a man about to join one of the Services. If you are unable to pay us a visit, a selection will be sent for your approval should you desire it.

**THE GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS
COMPANY LTD**

112 REGENT STREET • LONDON • W1

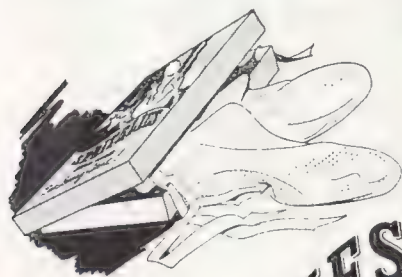
WARNING: NO BRANCH ESTABLISHMENTS ANYWHERE • TELEPHONE: REGENT 3021

ARE YOU A SECRET SHOE-SHEDDER?



THEN READ THIS GOOD NEWS!

What joy to shed one's shoes from feet hot and throbbing from tiredness! But better still are feet that never tire, that end the day as they begin it, sprightly, fresh and attractive! **Spritelies**, the new medicated night socks give you this and with no trouble at all. Simply slip them on when you go to bed and all night long the special medication, with which their cool, airy fabric is impregnated, will bring comfort and relief to hard-worked feet. **Spritelies** are chemically treated to relieve tired feet and counteract tendencies to rheumatism, corns and chilblains. Relaxed in sleep, the pores of your feet absorb the revitalizing, soothing medication of **Spritelies**.



Wear them while you sleep!

SPRITELIES
THE MEDICATED NIGHT-SOCKS
PRICE
4/11

Complete with directions and re-medicating Powder sufficient for 3 months' use.

From **Boots** Heppells, Timothy White & Taylors, and leading Chemists and Stores.

If any difficulty in obtaining, write to:
Medicated Fabrics Ltd.

(Proprietors of Glovelles, the well-known night gloves), 1-3 Golden Lane, London, E.C.1.

BRASSIÈRES
& GIRDLES

KESTOS

KESTOS LTD., MADDOX HOUSE, REGENT STREET, W. 1.

Swan & Edgar

— our Sale continues —



T/26
Corduroy House Gown, with zipper front and shaped skirt with two pockets. A delightfully cosy gown in a rich deep-seated cord. In ruby red, bottle green, almond green, light navy, dark navy. Bust sizes 34, 36, 38, 40in.

SALE PRICE

27/6

Post Free

All from the Lingerie, Fourth Floor

T/26
"Domino Spot." An apt name for this extremely smart, practical and well-tailored Pyjama in super artificial spun silk, with domino spotted stripe design. Jumper top can be buttoned high to neck if desired. Cord girdle at waist.



In colours of heavenly blue, crushed strawberry, and green. Sizes S.W. and W.

SALE PRICE
12/11

Post Free

Swan & Edgar Ltd., Piccadilly Circus, W. 1

GLORIOUS FREEDOM



*What a blessing it is
that Sanitary Protection
is now worn internally*



SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS, DRAPERS AND DEPARTMENTAL STORES. PRICES 1/6, 1/- AND 6d.

PAYS 4^d A MONTH TO 'INSURE HIS TEETH'



You may smile! It is a pleasure, sir, to see teeth that are 'insured' by TEK. This young man uses about 4 Tek toothbrushes a year, costing him, in all, 4/- more than 4 ordinary shilling brushes, i.e., 4d. a month. A negligible amount to pay for sound, healthy teeth, firm against decay.

1 SHAPE
1 SIZE
1 PRICE



The toothbrush with a **PLAN**

Whereas other toothbrushes baffle you by being made in all sorts of shapes and sizes and at all sorts of prices, the TEK toothbrush is made in one shape, one size, at one price, to do one thing perfectly—to clean your teeth! A dentist designed TEK. Afterwards 92 dentists out of 100 agreed that it was an improvement on other brushes. You can pay less than 2/- for a toothbrush, but don't expect a TEK.

Tek **2/-**
SURGICALLY CLEAN IN A SEALED CARTON
MADE IN ENGLAND
THE BEST TEETH POLICY

Made and guaranteed by
JOHNSON AND JOHNSON (Gt. Britain) Ltd.
Slough and Gargrave

'On Active Service'
or in 'civvies'



VENIDA
The Guaranteed HAIR NET
VENIDA LTD., 60 POLAND ST., LONDON, W.1

The Way of the War—(Continued from page 40)

Frankness with Russia

Sir Stafford Cripps, until so recently an outspoken writer in a journal of the extreme Left, has become the most correct of diplomats since he took up his post as Ambassador in Moscow. Report has it that he is even more insistent than any career diplomat on the strictest secrecy being preserved with regard to his talks and negotiations in the Soviet seat of government. Progress in Moscow is seldom rapid, as the British negotiators discovered during many months last year. There are of course exceptions, such as characterized the flying visits to Stalin by Ribbentrop for conclusion of the Russo-German Agreement.

At least on the present occasion the Soviet Government will not be able to complain that it has been treated without full and proper respect. It will presently be learned that Mr. Churchill has recognized the importance of treating Stalin with complete frankness and on a basis of full equality for the purpose of reviewing the present state of disequilibrium in Europe and the long-range interests of the Russian and British Empires.

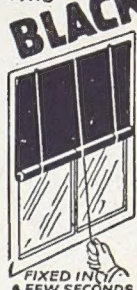
* * * * *

A CORRECTION

The French officer with General de Gaulle in our frontispiece picture last week was Lieutenant de Courcelle, and not M. André Fenez.



EVERYONE CAN AFFORD THIS



JUST PULL THE CORD—THAT'S ALL!

BLACK-OUT BLIND!
Why bother with curtains or frames? The most inexpensive Black-out Blind of this type obtainable. Instantly lowered or raised by pulling a cord. Made of strong black opaque paper, for any window up to 6ft. high, ready to fix in few seconds. No fittings to buy. Perfect black-out. Widths: 24in. 2/6; 30in. 2/6; 36in. 2/9; 40in. 3/-; 45in. 3/3; 51in. 3/6; 22in. (5ft. only) 2/3. All Carriage Paid. Overlap two or more blinds for windows over 51 ins. wide. H. & C. (SALES) Dept. A, 156-162, Oxford St., W.1

AERTEX
lets the body breathe

Handworked SMOCKS

CANTEEN WEAR

also ideal for TOWN AND COUNTRY work in the home, in greater demand than ever! WRITE FOR SPECIAL CATALOGUE "CS 3" of over 42 different styles and 29 materials. From 25/9 No. 2 illustrated, 30 ins. long in Gay Chintz 39/6. Also made with short sleeves.

Also catalogue "F/3" of Smocked Frocks, Sherry Party and Restaurant wear, etc. etc. CAN BE SENT ON APPROVAL with patterns against deposit or two trade references.

LILLA

7 Lower Grosvenor Place, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1. Phone: VIC 7751

**YOUTHFUL BEAUTY
IS NO LONGER
MATTER OF
AGE...**



**REJUVENATES THE SKIN
FROM WITHIN**

• Write at once for free wonderfully illustrated W-5 book if you have not seen it yet.

Gelty Distributing Co.
156, Oxford Street, London, W.1
W-5 obtainable from all high-class Chemists and Stores or direct from Distributors
Ellentee Ltd.

Stop that **COLD**
with **VAPEX**

★ A most useful commodity for salads, mayonnaise, medicine, cooking, etc.

FINEST GUARANTEED

PURE FRENCH SALAD OIL
12/6 per gallon Sealed tins
Carriage paid Keeps indefinitely
ANGLO-FRENCH OIL Co.
18 Barrie Street London, W.2

IF THERE IS NO SAFER PLACE TH

**CHUBB
SAFES**

IF THERE IS NO SAFER PLACE TH

HOW WAS YOUR HEAD THIS MORNING?

When you wake up with a head you can hardly lift, when your brain won't concentrate and you hate the thought of getting up, it's a sign of acidity. Something you've done, overwork, overworry, getting too tired, smoking too much, even drinking too much, has caused an acid condition.

It's not much good taking something to ease this pain for half an hour, if it leaves the condition untouched. That's one time to take a sparkling glass of 'Bromo-Seltzer.' 'Bromo-Seltzer' is the best remedy of all for any sort of headache. It stops the pain like magic and at the same time it definitely counteracts the excess acidity, so that your brain gets clear and alert and you feel better in every way. Remember 'Bromo-Seltzer' contains no Aspirin, and it has no awkward laxative effects. It's simply a grand twofold remedy for Headaches, Neuralgia, Tiredness, Indigestion, and the effects of too much work, worry, smoking, drinking, etc.

Get a 1/3 bottle of 'Bromo-Seltzer' from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, Heppells or any chemist today. If you don't find it the best headache cure you ever tried, get your money back.



Whether you are in uniform or not, on munitions or other Government work, don't neglect your skin because of changed conditions. Keep up the regular daily applications of Larola to tone and nourish the skin, to keep your face and hands beautifully soft, white and smooth. Larola, pure and free from all pore-clogging ingredients, is applied in a minimum of time. It prevents red and roughened skin and is the ideal skin tonic for the busy woman. Write for a free copy of the Larola booklet, "The Cult of Beauty."

1'6 & 2'6
a
bottle

Larola

From Chemists
and Stores or
Post Free U.K.
direct from

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND

HOTELS

CARLTON HOTEL

Right on sea-front. Full South. Five-star A.A. Private suites if desired. Hot or cold sea-water baths. Tel.: 6560. Garage 60 cars.

BOURNEMOUTH

STRATHSPEY

CAIRNGORM HOTEL, AVIEMORE

- Come for a welcome change and rest to the peaceful atmosphere of the Cairngorm Hotel. A sanctuary far removed from the rush and nerve strain H.&C. water in all bedrooms. Electric light. Central heating

Telephone: Aviemore 233

A.A. and R.A.C.

Apply Manageress

THE DOUNE OF ROTHIE MURCHUS AVIEMORE, INVERNESS-SHIRE

- This Mansion House is beautifully situated on the bank of the River Spey near Rothiemurchus Pine Forest and amidst the finest scenery in Scotland. Ideal for those who wish to spend a restful holiday in a Highland Country House. Home Farm Produce. Free Fishing.

Particulars from the Manageress

Telephone: AVIEMORE 231

Bernella

REGD.

FROCKS

of the BETTER kind

J. COWEN & CO., LTD. 1. BERNERS STREET, W.1. (Wholesale Only)



It's worth a little insistence

You cannot always get Pimm's No. 1 everywhere. There is such a demand for this priceless nectar and there is a war-time scarcity of the rare and refreshing ingredients of which it is compounded. But if you insist—and keep on insisting—your wine merchant can get you a limited supply. You will probably find, too, that in most good bars and restaurants Pimm's No. 1 will be forthcoming for those favoured customers who are known to be satisfied only with the best.

PIMM'S

No.1 cup

THE LONG DRINK WITH A CLICK IN IT

WANTED FURS & FUR COATS

Highest Prices Paid
SEND TO-DAY

We refund carriage and make offer per return

CHILD, 32 Hill St., Birmingham

Est. 45 years

Bankers: Lloyds

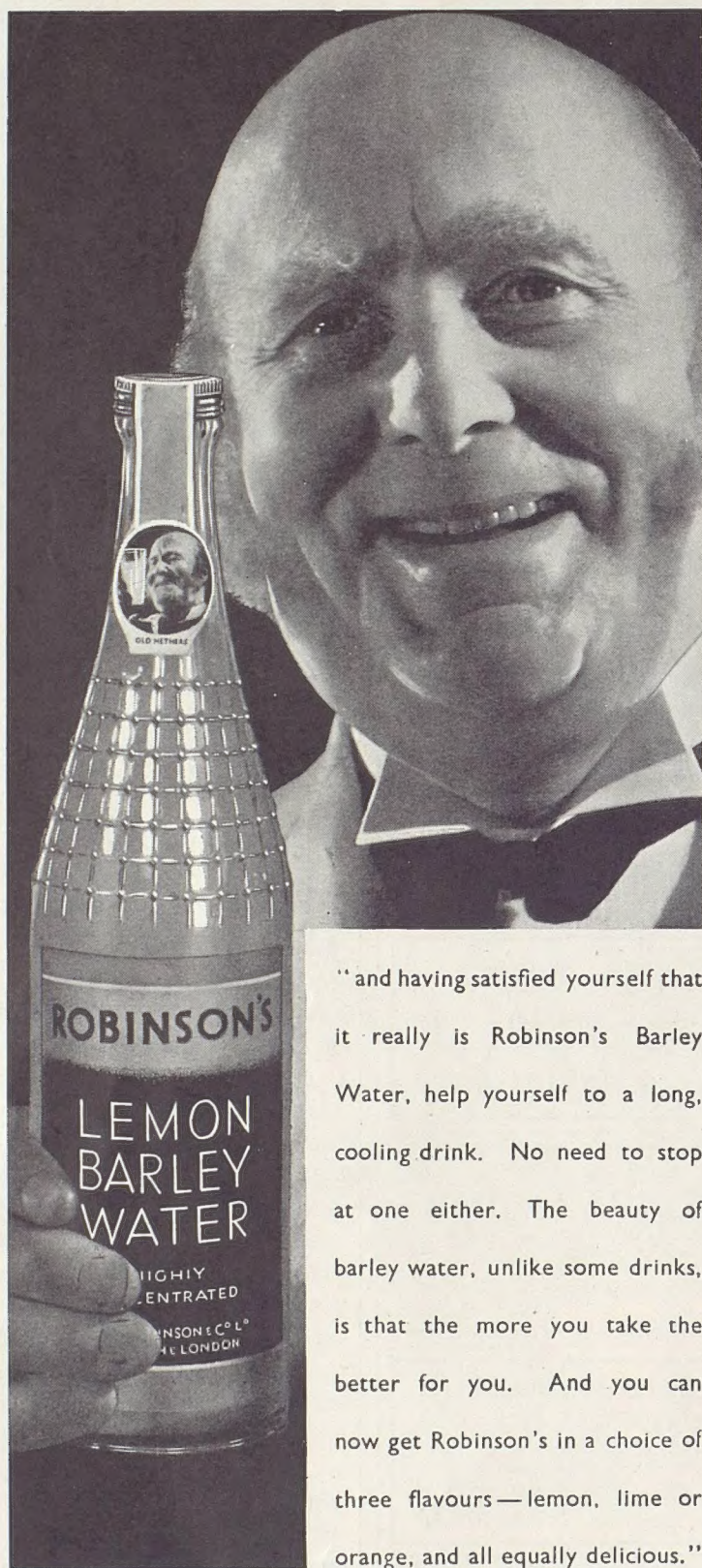
For a
Chic Coiffure
use 'HALO'
Regd.
QUALITY NETS



In invisible silk and fine, strong art silk. Made in all hair shades and 6 pastel colours. From Hairdressers, Chemists, Boots, Drapers and Stores. 2d. each.

ASK FOR
'HALO' 774
ART. SILK HAIR NETS
& 'HALO'
INVISIBLE HAIR NETS
BY BRAND NAME
and be sure you get them!

"TAKE A LOOK" says OLD HETHERS



"and having satisfied yourself that it really is Robinson's Barley Water, help yourself to a long, cooling drink. No need to stop at one either. The beauty of barley water, unlike some drinks, is that the more you take the better for you. And you can now get Robinson's in a choice of three flavours—lemon, lime or orange, and all equally delicious."

ROBINSON'S LEMON OR LIME OR ORANGE BARLEY WATER

Keen Robinson & Co. Ltd., Carrow Works Norwich



Cheerfulness

When cheerfulness is in danger of disturbance, light a 'Player,' and with a few 'puffs' put trouble in its proper place. The friendly Sailor, as always, stands for cheery contentment and a guarantee that quality and purity remain unchanged.

KEEP THAT HAPPY EXPRESSION

*Player's
Please*



MEDIUM OR MILD • 10 for 8½^D 20 for 1/4½

N.C.C. 528B